

BLAIR FRASER ASKS:
CAN DIEFENBAKER
FULFILL
HIS ELECTION
PROMISES?

Robert Thomas Allen: raising a teen-age daughter

"WHY I BECAME MY BURGLAR'S BEST FRIEND"

MACLEAN'S


AUGUST 31 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION .

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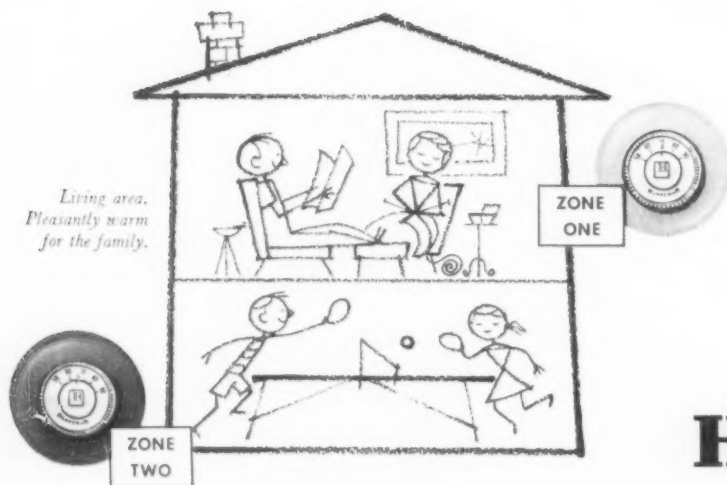
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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY!

- Who'll take rap for TV flops—stars or CBC?
- Gas wars herald price cuts, premium lures

LOOK FOR MORE TROUBLE on screen and behind scenes at CBC-TV. Four major shows have already been bounced to save money while CBC awaits Diefenbaker's broadcasting policy. Meanwhile there's a hassle over the shows. CBC says sponsors didn't want them; ad agencies say CBC handling is ruining many shows. Singer Denny Vaughan, whose show was one of the victims, publicly charged CBC mismanagement and probably won't get any more CBC work.

CHEAPER GASOLINE, more sales premiums and better gas-station service are likely results of new competition among petroleum giants in Canada. Three large European firms—Compagnie Française des Pétroles, Canadian Petrofina and British Petroleum Ltd.—are putting thousands of new gas stations into the fight for your gasoline dollar. A summer-long price war in Winnipeg cut gas costs by seven cents a gallon. Other skirmishes have taken place in Windsor, London and Woodstock, Ont., and around Montreal. To lure and keep customers some companies are running classes on courtesy and service for dealers.

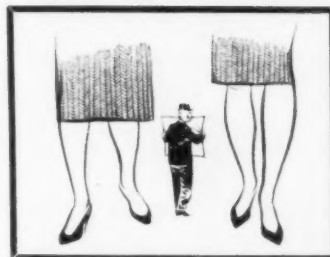
WILL RCAF JOIN THE ARMY in designating ranks such as captain, major, colonel? Air-force brass at least is talking about giving up flight lieutenant for captain, squadron leader for major, etc. Officers posted in the U.S. and overseas complain these names for rank cause confusion when non-Canadians try to translate them.

PREVIEWING WEATHER: For the start of East-West football the country will be split down the middle in weather too: dry in the West, wet in the East. Here are details for the period Aug. 31 to Sept. 15, prepared for Maclean's by the Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada:

- The Maritimes**—Precipitation above normal, temperature below normal, stormy around Sept. 3, coolest around Sept. 9-10.
- Ontario and Quebec**—Precipitation above normal, cool, stormy in Quebec Sept. 3-4, in Ontario Sept. 11-13. Coldest around Sept. 9.
- Prairies**—Mostly dry, with a few minor showers; temperature normal. Coolest in first days of September.
- Southern B.C.**—Dry inland, temperature above normal. One rainy spell between Sept. 9-11.

YOUR MILK may be delivered in plastic bottles within a year. A few European-designed containers are now being tested in Canada, and Canadian chemical firms too are experimenting with the idea. Leading plastic bottles into Canadian homes will be plastic tops for glass bottles, instead of the cardboard tops now in use. Plastics such as polyethylene may soon compete with paper in price, so you'll simply throw away your milk bottles.

WATCH FOR SHORT SHRIFT FOR SHORT SKIRTS IN CANADA KNOCK AT MALE EGO / KID STAR'S COMEBACK



Old look . . . (Just looking) . . . New look?

FASHIONS TO WATCH: Knee-length skirts are the decree of both Paris and Rome for Canadian women this fall, but manufacturers say the ladies won't wear them. Reason: their legs aren't nice enough. Here's what fashion experts say: **Mrs. Harry Brodtkin**, Montreal — "Only one in ten Canadian women has good legs." **Jack Liebman**, Montreal — "Fashion-conscious women are in the 30-40 age group; they just don't have pretty knees and want to hide them." **Julius Simon**, Toronto — "They look awful; we're not ready for them." Consensus: skirts up one inch.

BOOK TO WATCH: Guaranteed to make men mad is Dr. Raymond L. Schindler's **Woman's Guide to Better Living 52 Weeks A Year**. Here's what he has to say about the battles of the sexes: **Male** superiority is a delusion; neither sex is superior. **Male** pugnacity has had much to do in fermenting the wars that disturb human living. **Woman** has the superior physical nature, her endurance is greater and she adjusts more quickly to physical changes; she is tougher and can endure pain better. **Women** have fewer neuroses. **Finally**, the stunner — although man's intelligence may reach higher peaks, the average woman is intellectually more capable than the average man.

MAN TO WATCH: Former child movie star from Toronto, **Bobby Breen** (at 28) is making good all over again as a pop singer. Newest recording is **Rainbow on the River** for **Gerry Myers**, a former all-night disc jockey in Ottawa, now in Toronto, who's half owner of Chic Records and Smash Publishing Co. in New York. Breen owns a New York nightclub and has a TV network show starting this fall.

ATTACK ON CHURCHILL Book makes him a goat

ADMIRERS OF Winston Churchill whose hackles rose at criticism of their idol by Lord Alanbrooke in his recent memoirs will probably explode when they read a far bolder affront to the Churchill legend — Winston Churchill and the Second Front—late this year. Published by Oxford Press and written by Trumbull Higgins, an amateur strategist who is associate professor of history at Hofstra College at Hempstead, Long Island, the book hurls salvo after salvo at Churchill's reputation as a war wizard. Here are samples:

- Like Hitler . . . he tended to overestimate the newer technological factors in war . . . to make his general staff the vehicle for the expression of his own strategic views.
- This British statesman . . . was quite willing to engage in a great conflict without any . . . responsible plans or methods for obtaining a final military decision.
- The U.S. leaders . . . developed a fundamental distrust of the sincerity of the military policies of Mr. Churchill . . . essentially a British colonial type of war.
- From 1941 until June 1944 the entire strength of the British empire intermittently fought between two and eight German divisions . . . for most of this

period the Russians contained an average of 180 German divisions.

- Churchill was less concerned with any sort of defense of Britain, least of all an offensive-defense in northern France, than with that of the Mediterranean basin.
- Churchill was incorrect in his apparent reliance upon area bombing . . . to defeat Germany . . . also mistaken in treating Africa as one of Hitler's major objectives before the defeat of Russia.
- While Roosevelt and Stalin "grew" with the war, Churchill seemed unable to do so.
- Author Higgins also quotes President Eisenhower as saying that Churchill had confided to him that he preferred to wait until after the war to write his impressions, "so that, if necessary, he could correct or bury his mistakes."



No "responsible plans" for victory?

NEW SCHOOL YEAR 3 million kids flood classrooms / Teacher shortage worsens / Costs still soaring



IN A WEEK OR SO three million Canadian children—a quarter million more than last year—will experience one of the peculiar highlights of their young lives: the first day of another school year. What are the prospects for School Year 1957-58?

Foremost, perhaps, is the fact that schools almost everywhere will be overcrowded. Enrollment in Ontario, for example, has jumped 60,000 since last year; in Quebec, 50,000. Heavy immigration is part of the reason; in B.C., a third of the new pupils are recent arrivals in Canada.

As usual there aren't enough trained teachers to go around. Most provinces are hiring some teachers who have not completed normal-school courses to fill the gap; some are importing

teachers from England. In New Brunswick one teacher in ten has not completed a normal-school course.

In Manitoba 750 teachers have only "conditional" certificates and it's "wrecking education standards," according to E. L. Arnett, secretary of the Manitoba Teachers Society. Saskatchewan has imported 150 for next term and Nova Scotia sent an inspector, Harold Nason, to England to sign up 45.

Provinces are wooing teachers with better pay, plus fringe attractions. Some B.C. and Ontario schools offer "teacherages," rent-free homes. Manitoba gives teachers in training interest-free loans up to \$250 if they need them to complete their course, and finds them jobs while they're at normal school.

Teaching is still behind many other professions in pay, but education costs have skyrocketed due to big school-building programs. Saskatchewan will spend \$9 million on schools next year. It cost \$155 a year to educate a child in that province in 1950; now it's \$290, and new building will drive it higher.

What's new outside of the new switches on the old problems? For one thing, New Brunswick will teach citizenship this year, B.C. and Alberta have safe-driving courses and TV is just about ready to come into the educational picture, according to George Crowsley, secretary of the Canadian Teachers' Federation. Will TV raise education costs even higher? Not necessarily. "We could have sponsored TV," says Crowsley, "if we handled it discreetly."

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

Will Tories' shouting protect our wheat
from the Americans' "giveaway" program?



An interesting contrast between the old government and the new, and one to watch in the months ahead, is their handling of a major difference of opinion between Ottawa and Washington, one that is sure to be discussed at every high-level meeting of the two countries: that is the U.S. program for unloading its mammoth agricultural surpluses, including a billion-bushel mountain of wheat.

Liberal and Conservative ministers do not disagree about the merits of the U.S. program. They unite in detesting it, and in private they have both said so in virtually identical terms. U.S. ambassador Livingston Merchant heard and said the same things at his first interview with Prime Minister John Diefenbaker as at his last interview with C. D. Howe as minister of trade and commerce.

Where the Liberals and Conservatives differ is in method. The Liberals made their protests mainly in secret, only once in a while blurring out in public what they were continually shouting into the ears of American officials. The Conservatives do their shouting from the housetops. Already they have said more of their complaint in the press and on the platform, and have got more public notice in both countries, than the Liberals did in all three years the U.S. program has been in operation.

The Canadian case is simple. Our governments have accused the United States of spoiling the international market for wheat by "selling" it to about two dozen countries on terms that can-

not possibly be met by ordinary commercial competition. Some countries are allowed to pay for it in their own blocked currencies, payment that is then turned back as a long-term, low-interest "loan" by the U.S. government. Others get wheat in exchange for strategic materials of various kinds. To Canadian officials struggling to find markets for our own six hundred million bushels of surplus wheat, these are "giveaway programs" that make commercial sale practically impossible.

They knew they had an unpopular case, though, and could not say too much, so long as the United States was merely giving food to hungry and impoverished countries. Rich and prosperous Canada could hardly make it a major grievance that American wheat was being given to the half-starved millions in India and Pakistan or to stout but hard-pressed allies like Turkey. All we could do was ask that the U.S. distribute its aid with some care for the markets that are Canada's livelihood.

What turned this anxiety into anger and outrage was the discovery of the tie-in sale provision in front of the U.S. disposal contract. Some countries receiving wheat for other surpluses had to stipulate that they would also buy for cash a stated amount of the same products from the United States. In Canada's view this was no longer a foreign-aid program, it was a colossal example of that ancient merchandising trick, the loss leader. Americans deny the charge with considerable indignation. They say the ill effect of other surplus-disposal

programs has been vastly exaggerated, and that Canadians are hollering before they're hurt.

Of all the twenty-three countries that had got wheat under the U.S. surplus program only one, Japan, has been a substantial buyer of wheat from Canada. This is no coincidence, say the Americans. Far from dumping huge quantities of food on the world market without thought for the interests of friendly countries, they say they have taken great care to do exactly the opposite to avoid disturbing established commerce and to operate only where their allies' trade will not be affected. They have sold for soft currencies, true, but at prevailing prices, so that the bottom has not been knocked out of the commercial market. Canadians admit that the giveaway program has not directly invaded Canada's established markets. Even the indirect effects have been slight, and some have been corrected. For instance, when it appeared that some cut-price wheat was leaking into the British market, Washington took steps to prevent this.

But Canada has a wheat surplus too, and merely to maintain the sales of yesteryear is not enough. Canada must find, and has been trying desperately to find, new customers for wheat. It is these new customers who have already been cut off by U.S. disposal deals, and bound by tie-in sales clauses to spend their dollars for U.S. and not Canadian wheat.

So Canada cannot expand her sales, and this is Canada's grievance. Candid

Americans admit that to this extent, at least, their program really has injured their neighbor, and there the argument rests.

Liberals will contend that their technique, of battling in private but keeping mum in public, has done the Canadian farmer good. In several important ways, they say, the American program has been modified by Canadian protests. Canada could not take credit for these changes because that would leave the U.S. government open to attack at home for having yielded to foreign representations, but the charges were made—one example was the above-mentioned leakage of U.S. wheat into Britain, which was stopped after Ottawa had brought it to Washington's attention.

Of course, if the public accusations by Conservatives have the effect of making the U.S. abandon its surplus-disposal policy, there will be no further arguments about which method works better. The present indications are, though, that the U.S. will do no such thing. Observers in both Ottawa and Washington are glumly certain that the Eisenhower administration is determined to press on with unloading its surpluses, and that the protest of allies will evoke apologies and regret but no action.

Instead, new proposals are being put forward in a sunny official way. It is a variant on the old slogan, "If you can't lick them, join them." Since Canada cannot prevail on the U.S. to stop giving away wheat, why not get together and co-operate? Why not both have a disposal program and both have tie-in sales?

To the man who worked under C. D. Howe this suggestion is rank heresy. Howe always maintained that Canada couldn't afford to give away wheat to anybody. Only in cases of actual famine did he relax that view. He thought it would be impossible to keep on selling for cash to some customers while giving to others, that the U.S. would find this out but could get along anyway, but Canada would be ruined by trying to play the same game.

Howe's successor, Gordon Churchill, may end by agreeing with Howe. Meanwhile, though, he is in a mood to look hard at any scheme that offers a chance of shrinking our wheat surplus. He has been heard to wonder, for example, why Canada's contribution to the Colombo Plan couldn't simply be bushels of wheat. He will certainly argue that any increase, at least, in Colombo Plan aid should take that form.

The catch is, of course, that wheat given away to foreign lands would still be paid for in cash—by the Canadian taxpayers to the Canadian farmer. It would take something over a billion dollars to buy the present surplus.

There is also the unresolved question: which nations are to be rated as "needy" and deserving of special help? Japan in the U.S. program is a needy nation and has already got fifteen million dollars' worth of wheat from the disposal program. Japan, in Canadian statistics, is our third largest cash customer for wheat.

Maybe these obstacles will turn out to be insuperable. But if they do it will not be for lack of trying. Ironical as it seems, the Conservatives, who began by bringing our quarrel with the U.S. into the open, might end by co-operating with Washington in a way the Liberals never dared to do. If the result is to sell some more wheat, the prairies' farmer won't worry about consistency. ★



BACKSTAGE WITH ADOPTED CHILDREN

Are adoption laws too loose? Fight for twins spurs reforms

THE HEARTBREAK of disputed adoptions, tragically pointed up in the recent case of twin immigrant boys in Toronto, has spurred Canadian provinces to re-examine laws and practices under which children find new parents. The case was that of Rickie and Ronnie Maat, adopted through a doctor after their Dutch immigrant parents decided they couldn't raise them. The parents later changed their minds and were awarded the boys in Supreme Court.

No one could doubt the anguish of all parties in the dispute, but the questions it raised were also painful: Could the Maat case happen anywhere, anytime in Canada? Are adoptions too haphazard?

Here's a Maclean's cross-Canada survey:

B.C.—Although other provinces allow a mother to claim her child back within a year, the new B.C. Adoption Act

says that a child, once given to new parents, belongs to his new parents as if born to them, and has no relationship with his former parents.

Manitoba—No one can adopt a child or give a child for adoption without the written approval of the provincial welfare department. Only two adoptions have ever been reversed in court.

Saskatchewan—Although doctors handle some adoptions, the government exerts pressure to have all channeled



Rickie and Ronnie: Are there others?

through the provincial welfare department. There has been only one disputed case in ten years.

Ontario—Children's Aid societies have petitioned the government for tighter laws for adoptions since the Maat case.

Quebec—Anyone can arrange an adoption and it's all right to accept money for it. An adopted child has the same legal rights as a natural child.

New Brunswick—With a baby surplus, it's the only province that legally permits international adoptions and sponsors an "Adopt-a-Baby" week.

Nova Scotia—A mother can now claim her child back within a year after adoption, but a new law being considered is going to make her show why she should have it.

Newfoundland—There are strict curbs—all adoptions must be legalized in court and sanctioned by the province. U.S. servicemen and wives adopting children have eased the problem of a surplus.

There are about 25,000 children for adoption in Canada but few under a year old for whom there isn't a waiting list. Jewish parents wait two years, Protestants a year.

Background

- ✓ Do courts cheat new citizens?
- ✓ Art Hiller a hit in Hollywood
- ✓ Car's color may be dangerous

Many new Canadians feel they're being cheated because courts are overcharging them when they apply for naturalization. Fee set by the Canadian Citizenship Act is \$10. Some courts charge extra when the clerk of the court is also a lawyer; some add a dollar for hearing our Oath of Allegiance. Immigrants in one New Brunswick city have paid up to \$75 for their \$10 citizenship hearing. These violations call for a \$500 fine or three months in jail. But the charge must be laid by provincial crown attorneys, not by a mulcted immigrant, and only the new Canadians—not the crown attorneys—have so far complained.

Getting fat? One reason could be your "coffee break," according to Dr. Leo B. Janis of Toledo, a specialist in obesity. Overdosage of coffee increases nervous tension, he argues. Increase in nervous tension leads to more coffee drinking. "Unregulated liquid consumption brings on an increase in weight." Most fat people, Janis reports, drink six cups of coffee a day, some as many as 20. Even a dedicated coffee lover should be content with three cups, he insists.

Exciting sneak-preview reaction to The Careless Years, a story of adolescent love, has Hollywood critics predicting big things for Canadian director Arthur Hiller. He was a junior producer at CBC, went to Hollywood two years ago and quickly shot to the top as a director on TV. Actor Kirk Douglas' BRYNA Productions liked his work so well that it persuaded him to try The Careless Years although he'd never handled a movie before. The film will be released in mid-autumn.

The color of your car can determine how safe you are while driving. The most dangerous cars are light grey or sand, the safest is red, according to tests by Kitchener, Ont., police. Fifty percent of cars involved in accidents at intersections are grey or sand, the Kitchener authorities discovered in consulting records; they found only one red car in a traffic accident.

New film maker in Canada is the CPR, which will start shooting—mostly documentaries—early next year, with Norman G. Hull the top producer. He started with James A. Fitzpatrick, of the old and famous Traveltalks, in Hollywood, then worked for Associated Screen News, a CPR subsidiary, in Canada. The new set-up is designed to increase TV and public showings of Canadian scenery.

Ottawa's exclusive Rideau Club for the first time in its long history is without a cabinet minister among its distinguished members. Although the club's first president was Sir John A. Macdonald, few Conservatives have joined since the Liberal regime took over power in 1935. Most of the new PC cabinet is now applying for membership.

Backstage AT THE MOVIES / There's no time for fun and news with king-size films

BIG PICTURES in full color on wide screens at premium prices are changing the decades-old pattern of film entertainment in Canada. It's the movies' answer to television. The old formula was: feature (or double feature) film, plus selected shorts, plus newsreel. Now the shorts and newsreel are dying.

Pointing to such films as Giant and Raintree County, both starring Elizabeth Taylor, film distributors say that to be successful a movie today must be king size, with an established romantic star like Miss Taylor, wide screen, ex-

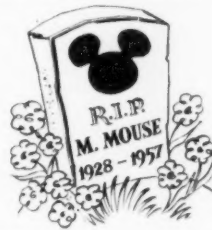
otic backgrounds. Film goers aren't attracted by Mickey Mouse and Graham McNamee the way they used to be.

Is TV news simply too fast for film news? Not according to Win Barron, formerly news editor and commentator for Canadian Paramount News, which stopped production last spring. "We could always do a better job than television," he says, "but there isn't room for news now with big pictures."

Paramount, which produced Popeye, Caspar the Ghost and Herman, has now shut its Hollywood animation studios; Walt Disney is quitting the short cartoon—Mickey Mouse will probably be a casualty—and turning to feature-length animated and live films; and M-G-M, which turned out award-winning Tom and Jerry, is reported getting ready to bury them both.

In spite of a few brief attempts by merchants to keep the neighborhood theatres going—they helped attract business to a community—the smaller houses are dying one by one. Two hundred have closed in the last three years.

The reason, says Clair Appel of the Canadian Motion Picture Distributors Association, is that people refuse to leave their TV "to sit in a small hot uncomfortable theatre to watch black-and-white film on a small screen"—even at 40 cents before 7 p.m. "They want to see big movies in air-conditioned theatres, and they're willing to pay a lot for this." One third of the population of Metropolitan Toronto—about 400,000 people—paid \$1.50 each to see Oklahoma during 56 weeks at Toronto's Tivoli. —CHRISTINA MCCALL



Mickey: his time has run out.



Liz: more room for her charms.

Backstage WITH LABOR / How "moonlighting" is beating the fight for more leisure

"MORE TIME TO RELAX" has become both a promise and a creed in this age of automation—labor unions fight for it—but more and more Canadians are defeating it by "moonlighting," a new addition to the language meaning to work at a second job after the normal day's work is done. Thousands work all day as teachers, bankers, bookkeepers and plumbers, then go to work at night and on week ends in supermarkets, garages and real-estate offices.

"Dual job holding is on the upswing," says an executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. One large loan company confirms it—ten percent of its clients are moonlighters. By tradition, teachers have always

been moonlighters, working in summer holidays. They still are. They work after school hours and in summer as radio announcers, farmers, construction hands and insurance adjusters, in spite of the displeasure of school boards which think it infringes on school work.

Industrial workers too practice moonlighting. Labor unions and employers aren't sure of the extent of it, but one packinghouse company recently found it couldn't call on butchers for overtime work because they were working for someone else after hours.

New companies have sprung up in Canada to provide moonlight help. The largest is Office Overload Co. Ltd., which has branches in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Vancouver,

with a pool of 20,000 workers—mostly women. They're TV entertainers, ballerinas and housewives doing extra jobs in business offices.

Labor and welfare officials decry moonlighting. "In modern industry a man needs time to relax," says Murray Cotterill, of the United Steel Workers of Canada. "Children can be harmed by parents being continually away at work," says Violet Munns of the Neighborhood Workers of Toronto.

But R. G. D. Anderson, general manager of Industrial Accident Prevention Associations, thinks the moonlighter can take care of himself. "He has initiative; his work and attendance records are good; he's a good safety risk." —SIDNEY KATZ

Editorial

Both parties say "No" to immigrants but it's not the voice of Canada

When we changed prime ministers and cabinets last June, many Canadians hoped and expected that at the same time we were making some changes in our national attitudes. Our safe and guarded attitude toward immigration was among those that had been under close scrutiny by the last opposition and presumably might be modified by the new government.

But it now appears that the cautious, comfortable immigration policies of the Liberals are not only to be continued, but extended. The immigration department has virtually sealed off our borders. "Unsponsored" immigrants — that is, those most desperately in need of a place to live — are for the time being not welcome here. We have turned our backs on the very people we idealized only a few months ago: the lost and stricken refugees of Hungary.

It's quite probable that the Liberals, if they were still in power, would be following a similar course. The permanent officers of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration have not changed nor have the cold substantial facts on which their advice is properly based. Yet surely the time has come when facts and statistics are no longer quite enough on which to base an immigration policy.

At a crucial time in this century a troubled Englishman cried out in the British House of Commons: "Speak for England!" On the question of immigration we sometimes wonder whether any Canadian government of this generation has really dared to speak for Canada. To speak for the heart and the vision which we, of perhaps all people on this earth, can most easily afford. We never thought Jack Pickersgill was speaking for Canada when he turned away men of good record and repute because of the color of their skin. We doubt that Davie Fulton is truly speaking for Canada when he turns away the dispossessed of Hungary because they lack "sponsors."

Within this century, Canada has become one of the world's major economic forces, as well as a major political force. We can, if we wish, become something indescribably greater than either of these. We can become a moral force of the first dimension. We can show that good will and decency toward one's neighbors, however naive and out of fashion they may have come to seem, are still good fields for experiment. We can easily show that the experiment is not expensive. We might even show it to be profitable.

But profit and loss, whether we like it or not, are not the only factors governing the rate at which we may consent to allow people from less favored parts of the world to come and share our fortune. The inevitable and irresistible surge of the human race toward room to live and breathe cannot in the long run be contained by any nation or by any government. The sensible ones will, of course, try to exercise some measure of direction and control lest the natural and needed movement of people from overcrowded parts of the world to uncrowded parts become a self-defeating swarm or stampede.

But shifts of population — greater perhaps than most of us dream of or care to think about — are one of the simple conditions of livelihood on this cluttered, complicated planet. Canada might do well to accept this condition at once and acknowledge it before the world, not by decreasing its intake of immigrants but by stepping up the intake substantially.

Mailbag

- ✓ Should Theo Parker co-operate to sell his hogs?
- ✓ Would a driver's cubicle make cars safer?
- ✓ "Sure there's a green thumb in growing a garden"

Your article, Theo Parker's One-Man War Against the State (Aug. 3) . . . portrays a hero in a struggle for independence . . . However, before breaking our wrists patting him on the back, it might be well to examine Parker's stand . . .

Economics, transportation and communications have progressed to where man can no longer be an island, even if he is a farmer. Organization . . . is essential for the survival of any individual and all but farmers have taken advantage of this to protect their standard of living . . .

Hog marketing in Nova Scotia . . . has paid off in higher prices to farmers, better quality to consumers and greater respect to both groups.—CONNIE M. LANGILLE, TATAMAGOUCHE, N.S.

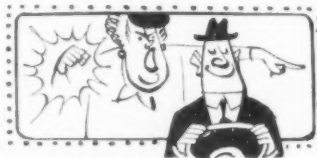
✓ . . . Good for Theo Parker! We have the same type of problem in B.C.—people calling themselves B.C. Tree Fruits. Let's hope Parker is successful and perhaps we'll get some action too.—H. A. SMILEY, SALMON ARM, B.C.

Is Mr. K. a scoundrel?

Your editorial of July 20, Let's Listen to the Khrushchevs Even If They Break Our TV Rules, makes one of the silliest remarks I have ever seen. You say every scoundrel shows up his true colors when interviewed by our fine, clean, upright reporters but, alas, Khrushchev did no such thing. Then, if he be a scoundrel, he must be more clever than our thugs . . . How do you know K. is a scoundrel? . . . We all have to admit the USSR has achieved a wonderful degree of literacy in a generation. We have not done as well with the backward peoples under our care in hundreds of years . . . —ALICIA C. HUMPHRIES, RAT LAKE, ALBERTA.

Are locked-in drivers safer?

In Preview (June 22) you ask: How can we halt the carnage on our highways?



How about building motor vehicles with a compartment for driver only? Make it soundproof so a driver can put all his attention on driving . . . Trolleys have a sign over the driver's seat: Please Do Not Talk to the Driver . . . —T. W. RIDGEWAY, HALIFAX.

CCF "broke but not beaten"

Blair Fraser was talking through his hat when he said "the opposition parties are in hopeless disarray—beaten, bewildered and broke" (Backstage at Ottawa, July 20). We (the CCF) came out of the election stronger than before. Our people are prepared to give it another go at any time . . . We don't think an-

other election is needed this year, but we'll be quite ready if Mr. Diefenbaker decides to call one.

Admittedly, we are more or less broke for the moment, but so are the other parties. This gives us a big advantage because we have had years of experience at being broke. You would be surprised at how little money we need to get by.—KEN BRYDEN, SECRETARY, ONTARIO SECTION, CCF.

B.C.'s cats are big too

In Backstage with B.C.'s Centennial (July 20) you say: "British Columbia has the tallest trees, highest mountains, most beautiful girls, biggest fish and best scenery anywhere (to hear the natives tell it)" . . . You omitted the



size of our cats. They certainly are much larger than the pint-sized cats of the other provinces.—AIMEE WILLOUGHBY, VICTORIA.

Fogging kills black flies

Your article on The Bloodthirsty Black Fly (June 22) misses a point important to our tourist trade, namely outdoor fogging for mosquitoes and black flies. These units have given thousands of tourists a pleasant holiday. Paper companies operating in the north also find fogging of value where men work . . . —ROBERT C. PAUL, TORONTO.

What makes a garden grow?

I simply do not agree with Frank Croft that there is no such thing as a green thumb. Just because a Garden Grew from a Gravel Pit (July 20) where did that first spark come from? . . . You can see a village in weeds and grass and there will be one citizen who will get out and dig, and behold we have a garden! A dozen men can go down that trail in a private wood and perhaps one may see a flower or bird and the rest will see only where they put their foot so they can travel faster . . . —MRS. A. W. MICK, ECHO BAY, ONT.

Delinquency's on the wane

Backstage with Teen-Agers (Aug. 3) left the idea that juvenile delinquency is on the increase. DBS statistics show that in 1942 there were 11,758 cases of delinquency involving people between the ages of 7 and 15 in Canada; in 1947 there were 7,547, and in 1953 there were 6,377 . . . Specific areas may be facing a delinquency problem but the over-all success with present methods would suggest caution before we change.—W. T. MCGRATH, SECRETARY, CANADIAN CORRECTIONS ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA. ★

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The cover

For everyone who makes a tour of Toronto's oversized CNE, the time has to come when a bench or patch of grass to stretch on is worth a dozen fresh exhibits. This footsore family found theirs, and James Hill found them, at the lower, or lake, end of the midway.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 31, 1957



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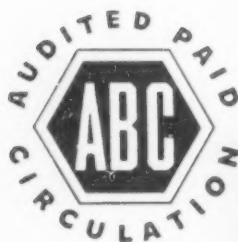
Every time you buy a product or service that you see nationally advertised in a magazine, you justify an investment of many thousands of dollars in the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

For the sake of argument



RODERICK HAIG-BROWN WARNS

Don't let the experts run our lives

A popular, and proportionately empty, remark of these days is that "our civilization is becoming increasingly complex." An obvious deduction, far too readily accepted by far too many people, is that it can only be managed by specialists. A natural consequence is that the great and timid majority of citizens, which is never especially anxious to take part in affairs, happily withdraws still further from any burden of responsibility behind the sheltering skirts of the specialist. I have put an expert on the job, goes the theory, so my conscience is clear. This is the ultimate abdication.

Near the nightmares of Orwell

It would be foolish to suggest that the specialist is not a very necessary and valuable person in any civilization. But his skills and learning are no substitute for ordinary human thought. The only purpose of civilization is to serve and advance humanity; if it does not do this it is meaningless. The specialist or expert in most fields is an individual who has been deliberately narrowed and dehumanized by his training and skills to serve one particular purpose. As a result he may do very good work in his special field, better than any layman could possibly do. But his work is of real value only when it has been fitted to human needs by ordinary human thinking. Interpretation and refinement for human use must be the function of the informed, but unfettered, lay mind. Whenever it is not, the nightmares of Wells, Huxley and Orwell come much too close for comfort or safety.

With every added success of the specialist mind, understanding and interpretation become more difficult. Robert Oppenheimer was quoted recently to the effect that "the incommunicability of special-

ists will increase and will soon reach the point where almost nothing of general value can be communicated by a specialist about his subject, either to a non-specialist or to a specialist in another field." Perhaps this is the final remission the faint-hearted have been waiting for—the signal that we must surrender our bodies to the doctors, our minds to the psychiatrists, our morals to the clergy, our present to the politicians and our future to the physicists. If so, I, for one, am not ready for the signal.

One of the oldest and most sinister encroachments of the specialized mind has been in the field of law, both criminal and civil. Civil law long ago reached a complexity beyond the comprehension of the lay mind; there is abstract justice in it, no doubt, and abundance of legal logic. But few of us can assess the merits or otherwise of our civil causes. Fewer still can anticipate the delays and costs that may lie between us and a just settlement of those causes. Our instinct is to stay clear of the civil courts even when it means accepting quite substantial damage. Perhaps this is a good thing. A nation of hasty litigants is not a pleasant prospect.

But criminal law is something else again; here simplicity is a precious heritage, essential to human freedom. Yet this is another field that some timid observers would be only too happy to turn over to the specialists.

One form of the attack comes in criticism of the jury system. Every so often one sees the impatient suggestion that juries should be done away with—justice is too important, too complicated and difficult for the intervention of untrained minds. Let trained judges, a committee of them if necessary, make all the decisions without the aid—or interference—of laymen. It seems hardly necessary to say that the

continued on page 39

WELL KNOWN AS A B.C. AUTHOR AND NATURALIST, HAIG-BROWN IS ALSO A STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE AND JUDGE AT CAMPBELL RIVER.

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Can Vivien Leigh save the St. James's?



Sir Laurence and Lady Olivia led a band of actors in a protest march.

It was Kipling who wrote a poem with the recurring theme that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. We in London have had that theme forcibly brought to our minds by the recent off-stage activities of that remarkable actress and even more remarkable woman, Vivien Leigh. As a martyr she does not yet rank with the suffragette who threw herself in front of the King's horse in the Derby to remind the world that women were determined to have the vote, but Miss Leigh is not doing badly. In fact, we may some day erect a statue of her on the north bank of the Thames, shaking her fist at the London County Council building on the opposite bank.

The story begins with the announcement a few weeks ago that St. James's Theatre was scheduled to be pulled down and replaced by an office building. This ought to have been no surprise, for the simple reason (to adapt the famous words of Edward, Viscount Grey), the footlights are going out one by one.

Two or three months ago I attended a performance of *La Bohème* at the Stoll Theatre, which was once known as the London Opera House and built in the reign of Edward VII by Oscar Hammer-

stein Senior. But what significance was there in my attending a performance of *La Bohème* there? Because it was the last time that Puccini or any other composer would be heard in that setting. Hammerstein's palace of music will make way, like St. James's, for an office building.

And what has happened to the old Gaiety Theatre where the "blooms" used to wait at the stage door to take the chorus girls to supper and when the correct thing was to drink champagne out of your lady's slipper? Alas! The Gaiety is to be pulled down and offices and studios built on the site. Just one more lament and we shall get down to our narrative. The Lyceum Theatre, where Sir Henry Irving and the incomparable Ellen Terry gave Shakespeare to the people, is now a public dance hall. Thus the march of progress!

I am aware that in giving this background **continued on page 34**

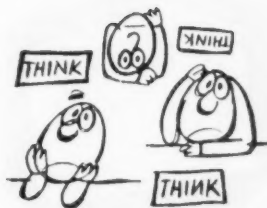


Owner Fenston (rt.) rejected Miss Leigh's first plea. She'll try again.

people compete in the oil business



Did you know there are more than 10,000 people engaged in the search for oil in Canada? We know it, because we run into plenty of them each time we try to lease promising oil lands.



Did you know there are hundreds of skilled chemists and engineers in Canada's 42 refineries? We know it, because our own technical people have to work hard to stay ahead of the others in producing better products at lower cost.



Did you know Canada's oil companies employ thousands of salesmen to market their products? We know it, because every day our own sales people are competing with salesmen from other companies.



Canada's hundreds of oil companies wage vigorous competition. The result is increased efficiency, and benefits to the consumer.

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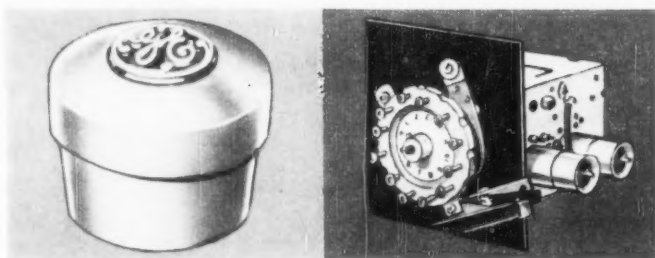


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(left) Remote Control Tuning. Turn the knob to turn set 'on', 'off' . . . or to raise or lower volume. Press a button and automatically select the next channel. (right) Automatic Fine Tuning. Each channel is permanently adjusted for the best possible reception. The picture is automatically locked in — eliminating any fuss or fidget with controls.



**GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTOMATIC
ULTRA-VISION**

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



Humphry Osmond, amid the clutter of a day's notes and reading, outlines a scientific article.

MACLEAN'S: CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

This renowned psychiatrist wants to

- ▶ tear down our mental hospitals
- ▶ give patients back their self-respect
- ▶ find a pill that will cure insanity

SIDNEY KATZ tells the story of

Dr. Osmond's new deal for the insane

In Saskatchewan business circles the discovery of oil has been the most intriguing event in recent years. In psychiatric circles, in the same province, a comparable stir has been created by the discovery of Humphry Osmond, a forty-year-old psychiatrist who came to Saskatchewan from London, England, six years ago. Osmond occupies the somewhat prosaic post of superintendent of the sixteen-hundred-bed provincial mental hospital at Weyburn, near Regina. But, according to Osmond's boss, Dr. Sam Lawson, director of Saskatchewan's psychiatric services, "Osmond is no ordinary superintendent—he's got a streamlined hyperactive mind."

At first appearance, Osmond belies this accolade. His height and weight are average; his face is pleasant and mild and his light-blue eyes peer from behind rimless glasses. But Osmond in action—which is most of the time—presents a different picture. He bubbles forth a torrent of original, stimulating and usually controversial ideas on the subject of mental health and illness. He insists, for example, that most mental hospitals—including his own—should be torn down. "They're ugly monuments to medical error and public indifference," he says. To take their place, Osmond and his col-

continued over page ▶

Dr. Osmond's new deal for the insane continued

Osmond studies anything that might hold the key—Indian rites, women's fashions and ghosts.



INDIANS at Fort Battleford, Sask., are joined by Osmond (taking notes) in eating peyote—dried flowers that produce hallucinations—during religious ceremony.

leagues have blueprinted what he calls "sociopetal" hospitals, which combine the warmth of a private home, the compactness of a railway roomette and the conveniences of a high-class hotel. One is now being built in the United States under the guidance of Osmond and Joe Izumi, a Regina architect.

Osmond frequently strays from the path of medical orthodoxy. He clashes with the psychoanalysts who believe that mental illness, in the main, is caused by the patient's unhappy past experiences. "Most cases of mental illness have a physical cause," Osmond argues. He underlines his point in an unusual way. On at least a dozen occasions he has taken hallucinogenic drugs, which temporarily turned him into a psychotic. These included mescaline, made from cactus found in New Mexico; ololiuqui seeds, the favorite narcotic of the ancient Aztecs which still grows in Central and South America; LSD, a fungus found on rye; peyote, a flower found in

the southern United States; and adrenochrome and adrenoleutin, two substances chemically related to the hormonal excretions of the adrenal glands.

As a result of these psychotic episodes, Osmond has an intimate knowledge of the world of the insane. Jane Osmond is unenthusiastic about her husband's excursions into insanity. "I sometimes dream that Humphry's taken the ultimate drug—the one that makes him permanently schizophrenic," she says. Nonetheless, four new and exotic drugs are on Osmond's list for future trials. One of them is cohoba, a narcotic snuff used by the natives of Haiti to empower them to communicate with the dead. On a less personal level Osmond has engaged in a wide range of research as a member of the Saskatchewan Committee on Schizophrenia Research. He's the spark plug of this remarkable group, which has published the impressive total of seventy-five papers in the past five years. The committee's

chairman, Dr. Abram Hoffer, describes Osmond as "a real pioneer in research ideas." The committee's latest project concerns the use of niacin or nicotinic acid in the treatment of schizophrenia. Niacin is one of the B complex vitamins and the average person requires about 50/1,000 grams in his daily diet. Schizophrenics have responded well when given up to two hundred times this amount of niacin daily. A patient who had been in hospital for fourteen years and had smashed furniture, heard imaginary voices and attempted suicide recovered after niacin treatment. She's now living and working in the community and stays well as long as she takes a daily dose of the vitamin. It's been found that discharged schizophrenics, kept on a maintenance dose of niacin, are six times less likely to return to hospital during the following year.

Osmond carries the spirit of research into his job as superintendent of the Saskatchewan Hospital at Weyburn, which, in competition with

He'll even turn himself insane



DRUGS to turn him temporarily insane are kept in home refrigerator by experimenter Osmond.

institutions throughout North America, won an award from the American Psychiatric Association for having shown the greatest improvement in the last three years. No facet of patient care has escaped Osmond's inquiry. He wondered, for example, why his 629 female patients tore or wore out 440 dresses a month. He concluded that much of the destruction was motivated by the patients' resentment of the cheap unattractive garments they had to wear. Osmond did two things calculated to make the women take greater pride in their appearance: he gave them stylish, expensive nylon gowns, and brassieres. "A woman with flabby breasts has no morale," he explains. The destruction of gowns dropped to a couple a month.

Osmond has solved the psychiatrist shortage in his hospital in a novel way. He selected outstanding psychiatric nurses and turned them into "nursing officers." They now spend their full time in the wards, working with patients.

Osmond is a firm believer that the sexes in the hospital should not be segregated. Female nurses are now in the male wards and wards are being reorganized so that male and female patients have common dining rooms and lounges.

"When there are women around, the men will shave, watch their language and mind their dress and manners," says Osmond.

He recalls laboratory experiments that showed that when male rats were kept far from females, they grew thin, scraggy and apathetic. When cages of female rats were moved nearby, they grew sleek, active and healthy. "The same happens with human beings," he says.

Changing things around in a hospital, of course, costs money. The annual budget of Osmond's hospital now stands at an all-time high of two and three quarter million dollars. Osmond is unperturbed. "My job's not to keep the hospital budget down," he explains. "It's to get people better and send them home." However, in the long run, Osmond is convinced that providing a high standard of care is an economy.

When he took over in 1953 the hospital population was about two thousand; now it's down to sixteen hundred. This is only a start. He hopes to reduce the figure to thirteen hundred within three years.

"If we used all the skills we have," he says, "Saskatchewan mental hospitals could save fifty million dollars in the next thirty years or so."

Osmond doesn't confine his inventiveness and curiosity to the psychiatric field. On at least two occasions he forwarded to car manufacturers suggestions for promoting traffic safety. On the first occasion he came up with a device that would make it impossible for a drunk to drive his car. A sensitive breath-o-meter on the steering wheel would analyze the driver's breath. If it were beyond the safety threshold, the engine would automatically be rendered useless for sev-

eral hours. The second device consisted of a small brain-wave machine, which could be easily clamped on the head and attached to the engine. If the machine registered waves that indicated the driver was sleepy or otherwise impaired, again the engine would conk out.

Unlike most medical men Osmond takes extrasensory perception, clairvoyance and similar phenomena seriously. "Many people have unusual powers," he insists. "There's a need to investigate them scientifically." He likes to tell how in Los Angeles his friends, the Aldous Huxleys, once took him to a medium. Osmond claims she foretold that he would have a book published within a year (a fact unknown to Osmond at the time); that members of his family were in a plane crash three thousand miles away; that he had almost lost his life by drowning in the blue grotto in Malta; and that his grandfather had been a whaler. "It was most uncanny," says Osmond. "These things all actually happened."

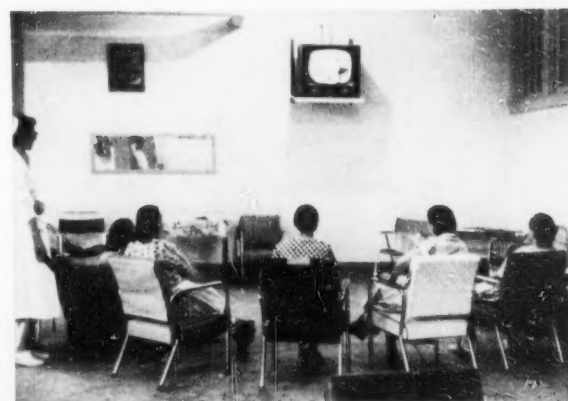
He has no explanation for such phenomena but doesn't find them too hard to accept since, he explains, we don't yet understand those exact chemical and electrical processes that occur in the brain which enable us to perceive and remember.

Never one to shy away from a fight, Osmond is currently interested in the dispute between the Indians who belong to the Native American Church and the federal government. The argument revolves about the Indian consumption of peyote buttons—dried flowers that produce mild hallucinations. The Indians claim that eating peyote enables them to have visions and thus reach up and feel close to God. Government officials feel the drug is harmful. Osmond doesn't agree. To prove his point he and some of his colleagues chewed peyote and took part in a recent all-night religious ceremony at Fort Battleford, Sask. Later he found it difficult to explain his sensations. "It was a beautiful, unusual, powerful religious experience," he says. "I felt that every beat of the drum had a special meaning." He feels it would be wrong for the government to ban peyote buttons, which, he says, are far less harmful than alcohol.

Like most of his other experiences, Osmond's sensations while under the influence of peyote were recorded in one of the many notebooks or clipboards that he carries around with him. He usually takes notes to the accompaniment of other activities. Recently he sat in on a three-hour negotiating meeting with the union of hospital employees. He took a leading part in the discussion, at the same time scribbling furiously. When the meeting was over, a neighbor glanced at Osmond's sheaf of notes and discovered that what he'd assumed to be a record of the proceedings was in fact a complete rough draft of a long article for a medical journal on the



PAPERWORK left in Osmond's wake is tidied by wife Jane. He conducts world-wide correspondence.



PATIENTS at Osmond's hospital at Weyburn, Sask., have TV, cheerily painted rooms, modern furniture.



CALCULATOR is used by Osmond and Dr. T. Weckowinz to keep pace with research statistics.

role of the nurse, a favorite Osmond theme.

To speed up his writing, he uses italic handwriting and employs a shorthand system known as Long Shorthand. Thus, the chairman becomes "chair," between is "betn" and would is "wd." "I save exactly one hundred hours of writing a year by this system," says Osmond.

Osmond's notes cover anything he sees, hears or thinks which might be of psychiatric use at some future time. A sampling of recent items includes the following:

Re couches. Get rid of all the old type wooden-frame construction couches in the hospital. Because of construction, patient can't read on them or sit and talk comfortably to others. He can only lie down and stare at ceiling. Thus patient can effectively isolate himself from all other people. In a sense, it becomes a self-made padded cell. This does not encourage him to interact with other people. **continued on page 41**

ROBERT THOMAS (POPS)



ALLEN TELLS

How to

Not that he really knows. But at least he's still game,



"Mary! Turn that thing off and get at your housework! Saturday morning is no time for Elvis . . .

Something that bothers me is the glib way TV and movies create human beings, and one of the most off-handed creations in recent years is the teen-age daughter, who is about as close to anything in real life as Roy Rogers is to a cowboy.

The last TV teen-ager I saw was portrayed by a well-groomed, accomplished young Broadway actress in her mid-twenties, who wore blue jeans, a pony tail, said things like "real cool," and evidently figured that was close enough to a teen-ager because she just took off from there. At one point she came on screen smiling and telling her mother to rest while she made supper—a little bit of fantasy that even made my daughters blush. I think it's time we got it straight what a teen-age daughter is really like.

A teen-age daughter is something between a child and a young woman in ten petticoats, bare feet and crooked lipstick. Her main drive in life is to wear spike heels and My Downfall perfume, dress like a \$25,000-a-year fashion model out of Seventeen magazine, give as much lip as the traffic will bear, stay up till midnight, which she claims every child of normal parents is allowed to do, and to avoid all work, which she claims all normal parents do themselves.

She's never chilly; she's frozen. She's never warm; she's burning. She never dislikes anything; she loathes it—and this sometimes includes her father and mother, who, she thinks, won't face the facts of life.

Right now my eldest daughter is learning how to tear an engine apart in one of her courses at school, and she believes that anyone—me, for instance—who thinks English, decorum and typing would be more useful, is some weird sort of peasant who is dying out, and none too soon.

"What would you do?" she asked me with scorn, "if your car broke down, say, in the middle of the Sahara desert? Just stand there and look at it, I suppose."

The truth is that's just what I would do. What I can't get across to her is that it's just what she'd do, too, except that she would look at it from inside the car. Already she can stand looking at an unmade bed all Saturday morning without even seeing it.

Those TV conversations between a teen-age daughter curled up on the rug and a wise and understanding mother who explains things like how to recognize true love when it comes along I've yet to hear. The conversations in my house are all about hair and clothes and jobs that my daughters are trying not to do.

"Why aren't you at the dishes?"

"I have to do my hair."

"Why didn't you do it this morning?"

"I had to do my homework this morning."

"You had time to do it last night."

"I was looking at Gunsmoke last night."

"You were supposed to be ironing your blouse for the Twirp Dance."



Never mind your career as a fashion model, My Girl. There's nothing like vacuuming to develop posture . . .



For heaven's sake, do you know that it's 11 o'clock? And you still haven't even picked up a duster . . .

"It doesn't need ironing."

"Which one are you going to wear?"

"The one with the blue trim."

"You'd better press your blue skirt, too."

"I have to do my hair."

"Are you going to let it grow or have it shaped?"

"I'm going to have it the same length all over."

"You should wash it. It's beginning to look dull."

"I have to clean my room."

"You should have thought of that last Friday."

"My hair wasn't dull last Friday."

A teen-ager doesn't care about whether she can recognize real love when it comes along, as long as she's wearing the clothes she wants when it arrives. And she spends about three quarters of her home life fighting for them with her mother, who just wants her to be clean, dressed so that adults won't laugh, and so that she'll be warm on cold days.

I live near the school-bus stop and can watch the teen-agers gathering in the morning, sneering in the direction of their homes, indignantly showing one another the socks, sweaters, coats, mitts, mufflers their mothers made them wear.

"Look what my mother made me wear!" they say, holding things as if they were at a rummage sale. "You'd think I lived at the NORTH POLE!" While their mothers, judging by what's going on

to live with a teen-age daughter

game, as the bewildered prose below will testify

DRAWINGS BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON / CAPTIONS BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

in my house, have all collapsed in tears over the breakfast table.

Their daughters all come home at three-thirty on the same bus, waving to their mothers, all on the honor roll for citizenship, co-operation and neatness. Then they make cottage-cheese sandwiches, leave the cheese, bread knife and crumbs where they dropped and walk right out of their shoes, sweaters and books and leave them in the middle of the kitchen floor.

Anything they walk away from they forget, even things they paid for themselves, and this in spite of a strong sense of property. When they go to parties they all come in clutching their own records, even though they all have the same ones, which they all lose. One of my kids had a party a little while ago and when it broke up, six girls were all going around saying soberly, "Who's got my Hound Dog?"

At midnight I was still finding Hounddogs under chairs, along with forgotten shoes, books and handbags, and by the time I found the last one I was so sleepy I looked like an old Elvis Presley myself.

Anything a teen-ager discovers for herself, she adopts violently and usually becomes ashamed of her parents for not having discovered it themselves in all these years. The last thing my daughters discovered was religion. They went around praying for me and getting me to drive them to church affairs arranged by some indefa-



Another thing, stop worrying about meeting the Duke. I believe he only likes girls who Achieve Things . . .



Will you stop that arguing and start to work? If you say one more word, I'll call a child psychologist! . . .

tigable woman named Mrs. Henshaw, who evidently lives in church basements and either has the most confused mind in the world, or my daughters get everything she says wrong.

"We're to be at the church tonight at seven-thirty," they say. "You're to bring some nuts."

"What kind of nuts?" This is the first I've heard of it.

"I don't know," they say, from behind a TV guide, "Coconuts, I guess. You're to bring your old glasses too."

"My what?"

"Your old glasses. They're for the needy."

"Who needs them?"

"Poor people who aren't as privileged as you. We're to have them there before our rehearsal for The Lonely Tramp. At the church—I think—or somebody's house. Maybe it's Mrs. Henshaw's."

My wife and I spend some week ends snapping out instructions like cab dispatchers. "I'll drive them in as soon as I've had my bath and pick up the halos for them on the way back so they have them for the pageant at three-thirty unless there's a meeting of the Junior Citizenship League." I'll yell, trying to catch up to the schedule of one particularly active minister who keeps telling my daughters to ask me if I've heard God's voice lately.

One time when I was writing to a minister friend of mine in Peterborough, I told him about

this and asked for advice on how I could cope with it. He replied that he was glad to hear that my daughters had found a spiritual home, and devoted the rest of the letter to telling me about his new motorboat.

I meet other fathers outside the wrong churches, houses and youth centres, who are as confused as I am. One time a tall thin father parked outside the Sunday school, wearing a ski cap and dozing. He woke up, leaned out and called, "Is this where I was to bring the bagpipes?"

Another father, backing up slowly and leaning out his door said, "I thought they said 'gas pipes.'"

One time I arrived with a car full of props and found nobody around but an old gentleman walking on his heels on the church lawn and muttering, "Angels! Angels! Every blessed one of them!" He was evidently referring to my daughters and their friends who were taking part in the last act of a pageant, which I'd thought was going to take place the next night.

Oddly, I knew what he meant. I've sat on hard Sunday school benches, looking at my daughters by candlelight with tears pouring down my cheeks fifteen minutes after I'd been telling them that I'd written for the procedure for getting them into reform school, which I really don't think is the thing to do with teen-age daughters.

There's only one thing to do with them: wait till they're twenty. ★



Ye gods! Is that how you move at the Twirp Dance? There's \$2 allowance IF you finish by midnight."

"IT HAPPENED TO ME"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

Toronto advertising woman Beattie will soon publish her second novel. ▶



I made friends with my burglar

He broke into my apartment and hit me with an iron book end.

Then the law took over and I learned that my burglar and every boy like him

needed a friend. That friend is me

BY JEANN BEATTIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT

It began at four-thirty on an August morning in 1956. The beginning was terror and disbelief. The ending could have been death: mine. If it had, the boy who struck me down would have been as much a victim as I. But luck kept me alive. So there has been no ending yet: it waits on the uses an imprisoned sixteen-year-old finds for his life. This is what he did, and how he and I have both changed since he did it.

That evening I had gone to bed early. Like most women who have inhabited bachelor apartments for a significant number of years, I had lost any apprehension about open windows, despite the ground-floor location of my apartment in midtown Toronto. That night they were flung as wide as the paint-stiffened frames would permit.

At four-thirty I was abruptly awake, with an uneasiness I couldn't trace. Impatiently I argued with myself and turned, rigid with determination, to the wall. The uneasiness and sense of some-





"If I get another chance," he promised, "I'll prove to them and I won't let you down." It was then I realized how much new understanding my burglar has given me.

thing wrong persisted. Finally, glancing at the luminous dial of the clock, I considered two alternatives. I could lie, stiff, alert and vulnerable to this unaccountable feeling, until daylight, or I could get up, walk to my kitchen, satisfy myself that I was indulging in nerves and go back to sleep.

Impulsively I chose the last course, threw back the covers, and walked to the door of my living-sleeping room. Later, I discovered someone had shared my few seconds of decision. As I passed the bathroom, I switched on the light. In the kitchen a book had fallen from the window sill. I replaced it, opened the refrigerator, poured a glass of milk, drank it and started back to the living room. On the way I reached out to turn off the bathroom light. Directly in front of me was the darkness of my living room and I don't know, even now, what prompted me to glance into the bathroom.

In memory it seems I studied, thoughtfully

and for hours, the sight of the window. In fact I know it was a matter of seconds. Earlier that evening I had opened the bathroom window. I had to push against it to shove it back a few inches. Now it gaped wide. With my hand still on the light switch, I remember thinking, "Someone is trying to get in." It did not occur to me that someone was already in. Automatically I walked toward the window, leaned across the tub that stretches along the wall, and shoved against the stiff window. It did not move and I leaned closer, shoving more forcefully, convinced someone was planning an entry or that an entry had been planned and then abandoned.

As I pushed against the resisting frame, in the brilliant light of my bathroom, a hand was suddenly around my mouth from behind. There was a moment of utter disbelief and in that moment my head turned instinctively to the right. From a corner of my eye I could see a tiny piece of blue material. I remember thinking, "Don't be

ridiculous;" in the next instant something heavy and very hard struck my turning head.

I insisted, hours later, that I did not black out. Fact suggests otherwise, since my next memory has me staring up from the bathtub, where I was sprawled sideways, into the watchful blue eyes of a man. Dimly I registered: something covered the lower half of his face; he was medium height, slender, with a blue shirt and dark pants; he held something in his hand. I could hear the sound of someone shrieking wildly, and from a far distance I recognized the sounds. They were coming from me.

In that isolated moment it was as if I were two people: one a screaming, hysterical animal without mental processes, acting only with emotion; the other oddly calm, recording fact and fighting against it. The man was standing silently, the object still in his hand, the makeshift mask covering his face, watching me almost with detachment. **continued on page 43**

THE NIGHT GRANDMA SWAM THE LAKE

It was the swim to end all lake swims.
In the all-star cast were
the white-haired Mrs. Crampton,
four thugs called Rocky, a desperate reporter,
a delicious damsel —
and the entire swim-crazed population of Toronto

BY JOHN CLARE

Illustration by Robert Bruce

The sprawling city room of the Toronto Bugle was dark and deserted, except for the single figure of a man in shirt sleeves bent over a pile of copy at a table under a single bank of fluorescent lights in one corner. He looked up once, as though in alarm, and then bowed to his work again, but not for long.

He was standing now, hands on hips, looking down the gloomy cavern of the room to the door through which had entered a strange figure.

The newcomer was a young man with straw-colored hair, which had a tendency to stick out at the sides like the yagi on a television aerial. On his head he wore a cocked hat of vaguely

nautical design. His long thin neck was encased in a rolltop sweater of such shagginess that it looked to have a life of its own. For a jacket he wore a salt-stained garment that had once been worn by a sublieutenant of what used to be called the Wavy Navy. Most of the rest of him was encased in fisherman's waders.

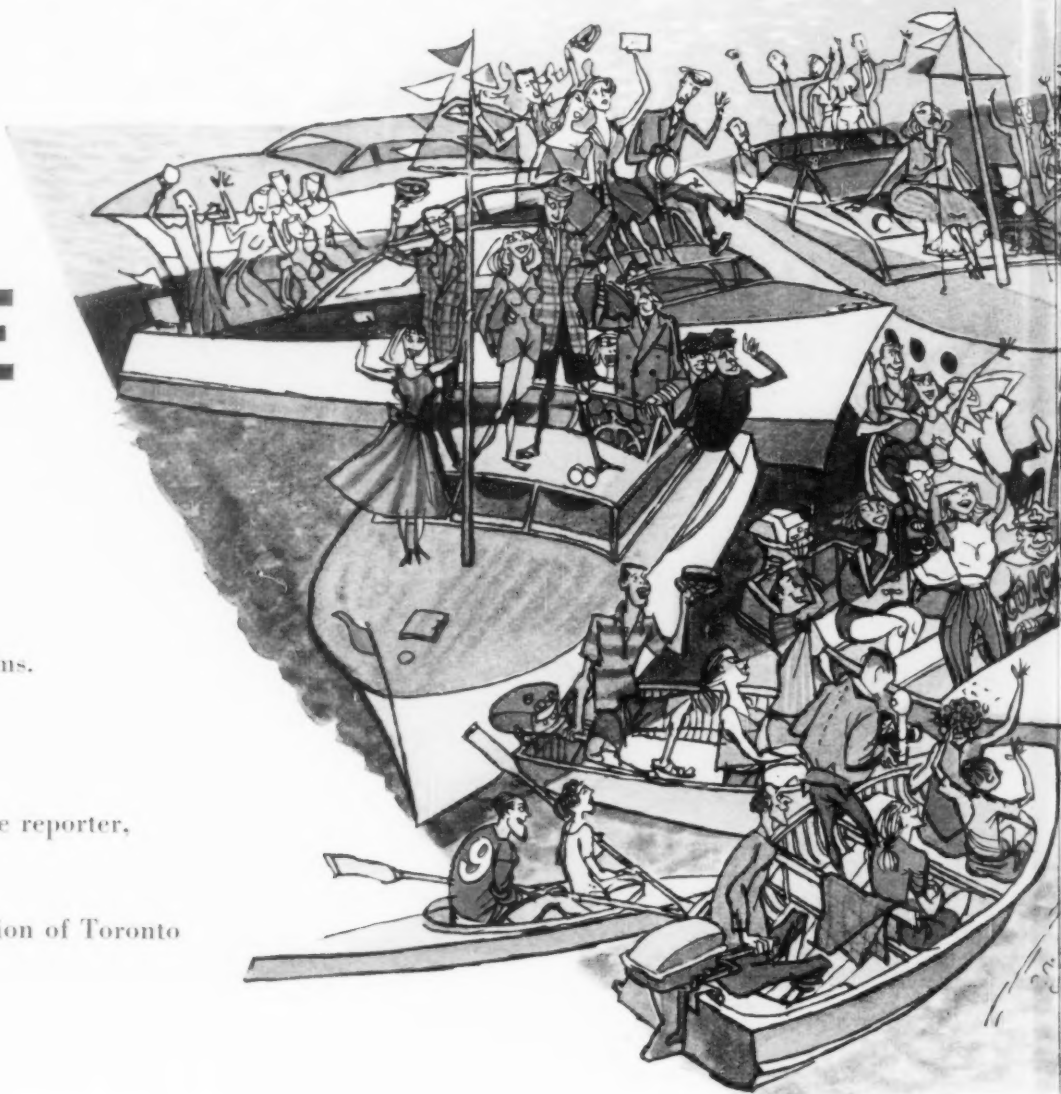
He was singing loudly and obscenely in praise of those splendid and virile men of the North Atlantic Squadron. The whole effect was one that might have been achieved through the unlikely defection of a member of a road company of HMS Pinafore to a production of Peter Grimes at the end of the trout season.

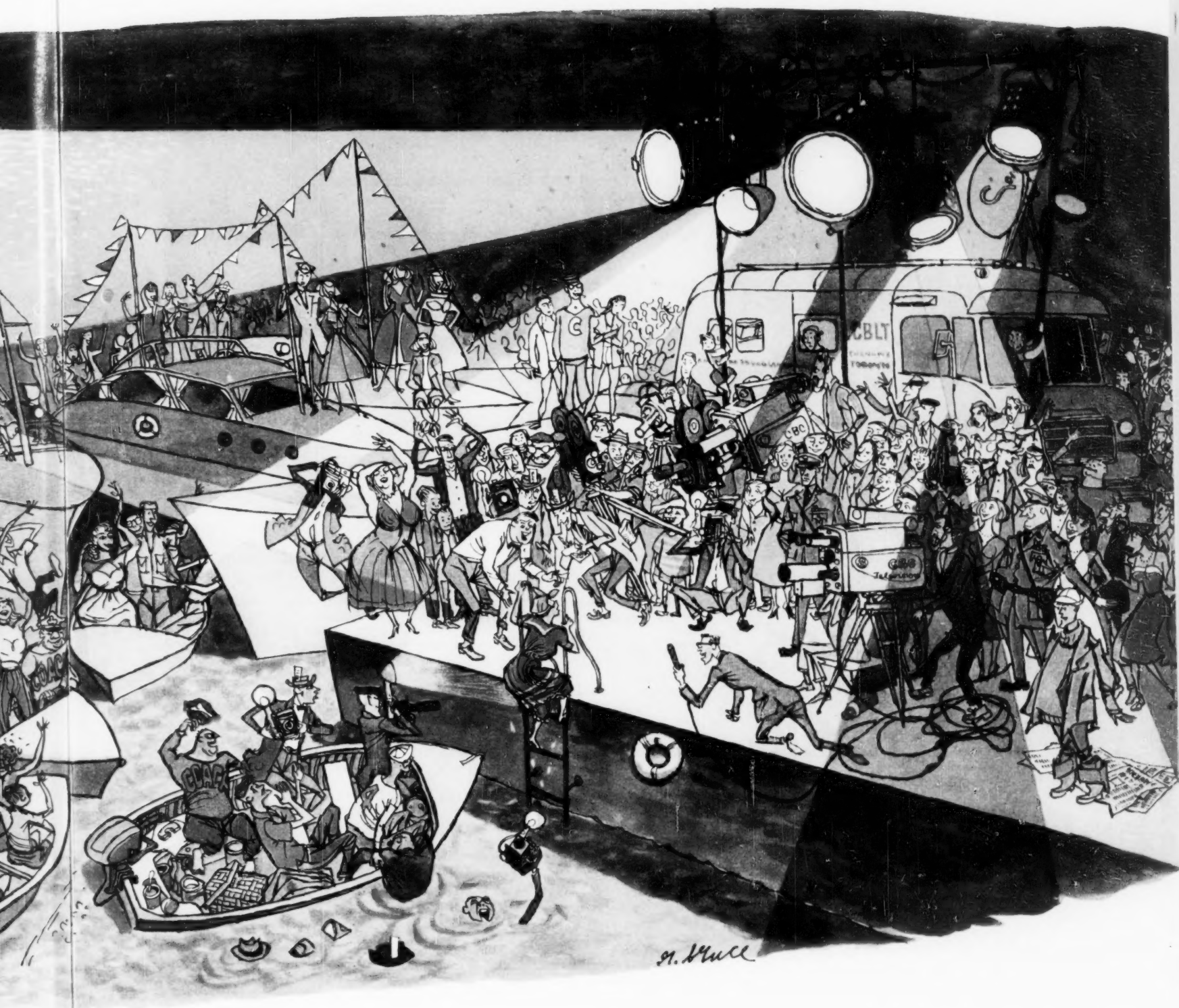
He clumped to the desk under the light and saluted unsteadily.

"Able Seaman Henry Blodgett reporting, sir," he mumbled. Then, with a flourish, he reached into a pocket of his jacket and deposited a small dead fish on the spike securing the night's copy. "Here's the last take on the attempt of the brothers Karamazov—or is it Kranski . . . I guess it's Kranski—to swim Lake Ontario, manacled together."

Henry pulled himself erect again for he had been drooping slightly as he spoke.

"I regret to report, night editor, sir, that the brothers were lured off course by a couple of





sneaks in a rival boat." Blodgett leaned forward and dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "They used a magnet."

The night editor sat down and sighed wearily. "Take that dead fish and get out of here, Blodgett," he said. "I know how you feel, kid. These swims are driving us all nuts but get out of here before someone sees you in that outfit."

Blodgett's wide comic mouth involved his whole face in a grin.

"You don't understand. It's not the uniform you salute, it's the man." He looked around. "Actually I filed my copy earlier on this soggy saga. You got it, I trust."

"Sure, it's all tidied up," said the night editor. "Why don't you just be a good fellow and run along."

Blodgett nodded. "Sure, sure," he said quickly. Then he held up a right forefinger. "But I won't run." He looked down at the waders. "These are my sea legs—aren't they nice?"

The night editor was all business now. "I've got work to do."

Blodgett looked around the room and then bent low over the desk.

"That business about the magnet—I made that up," he confided.

The night editor nodded. He picked up a pen-

cil. Blodgett had been dismissed had he realized it. But he was reluctant to go.

"Joe," he said, "I don't think I can stand much more of these swims."

"Well, we're all pretty tired of the damn things."

"But, Joe, you don't understand how it is with me. I've covered them all from Marilyn Bell's swim right up to and including the Brothers Kranski and their magic handcuffs. Five times I've crossed the lake with Hensley Smeech, the man who throws himself in like a note in a bottle and trusts to Providence to float him across. I've been on three mass orgies when continued on page 29

Can Diefenbaker fulfill his election promises?

He said he'd cut taxes and boost spending;

turn "tight money" loose and reverse the housing slump.

The odds against him

aren't as great as his enemies hope

BY BLAIR FRASER

Some years ago when John Diefenbaker was a private MP on the opposition side, he met a civil servant one evening as he left the House of Commons after a speech. Half in fun, the official reproached him: "You shouldn't make all those promises. What if you got into power and had to carry them out?"

Diefenbaker's reply was equally facetious. "We can promise anything we like," he said. "It will be your job to deliver for us."

Today the word spoken in jest has come true. The Diefenbaker government came in on a platform of promises. Civil servants have been instructed to carry them out, and they think they will be able to do it. Their doubt is about the effect: will these exploits do good or harm in the long run?

Aside from the big general objectives like "restoring the sovereignty of parliament" and "developing Canada's resources," the Conservatives are pledged to do certain things immediately:

CUT TAXES.
RAISE OLD AGE PENSIONS.
MAKE ADVANCE PAYMENTS IN CASH ON FARM-STORED GRAIN.
GIVE MORE MONEY TO PROVINCES AND MUNICIPALITIES.
CALL A COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE TO BUILD UP COMMONWEALTH TRADE.

The trade conference plan brought the first demonstration of how the climate has changed in Ottawa.

At the June meeting in London the new Prime Minister had been somewhat taken aback by the lukewarm reception given to his proposal. Australia's Robert Menzies publicly called it "quite premature." The British were polite, but they wanted to know more precisely what Canada had in mind.

The fact was that the new Canadian government had nothing precise in mind. A Commonwealth trade conference had been a good election plank, because everybody in Canada thinks Commonwealth trade is a good thing. The Liberals, too, used to make intermittent efforts to build it up, and often asked their officials whether a conference on it should be called.

"They always gave us a dozen good reasons why a conference wouldn't accomplish anything," a Liberal ex-minister said recently, "and we took their advice because that's what we thought, too."

ons why a conference wouldn't accomplish anything," a Liberal ex-minister said recently, "and we took their advice because that's what we thought, too."

These officials are now advising the Conservatives, but when Prime Minister Diefenbaker got home from London he didn't wait for them to tell him that a Commonwealth trade conference would do no good. It was he who did the telling. He told them to draft an agenda with definite proposals for a Commonwealth trade conference, and to have it ready before Prime Minister Menzies' visit (then scheduled for late July, later postponed to August).

So pious it's funny

The trade experts were dumbfounded. Most of them felt in their hearts that it couldn't be done. The whole trend of western policy since the war had been away from preferential arrangements, and toward general freedom of trade with all other free nations. The obvious devices for diverting trade into the Commonwealth were forbidden by the general agreement on tariffs and trade (GATT) signed ten years ago at Geneva. Of course GATT has loopholes and escape clauses, but the Commonwealth nations had tried to use these sparingly and do their very best to make GATT work.

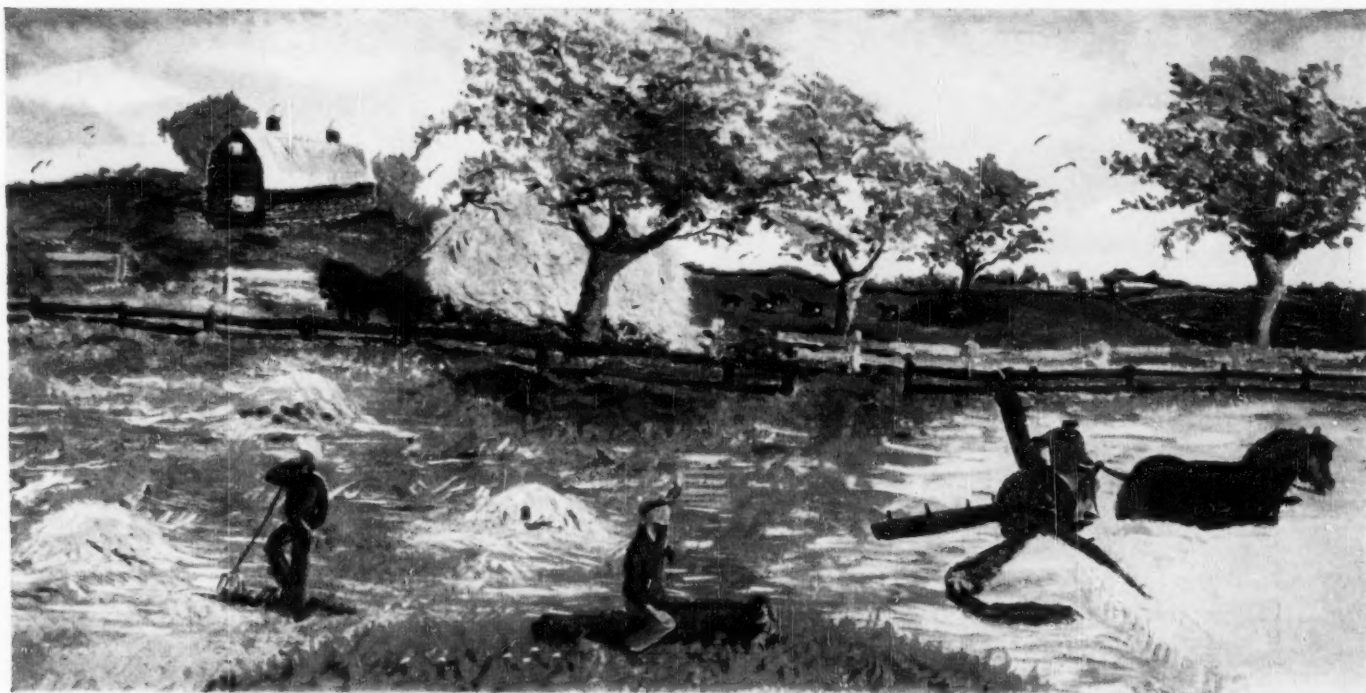
And of all the apostles of freer multi-lateral trade, Canadians had been the most vocal and the most pious. At one meeting of GATT members a few years ago, the Australian delegate brought down the house thus: "Unlike the Canadians, we in Australia are not without sin."

These were the men assigned by their new government to draw up specific proposals for the stimulation of trade within the Commonwealth. What they have drafted is a closely-held secret at the time of writing, though it may be published any day now. The interesting fact is not so much what they have drafted, but that they have drafted *something*. They have been compelled, for better or worse, to re-examine a set of assumptions that they and Canada's government had taken for granted since 1935.

The same agonizing reappraisal has taken place in financial

continued on page 36

A MACLEAN'S ALBUM



A WARM LOVE of the countryside marks this farmscape from Pelham High, Fenwick, Ont. In poster color on wrapping paper, it recalls the Impressionists.

HOW CANADA LOOKS TO OUR CHILDREN

In brave and colorful murals, here is a new and delightful country seen through the clear eye of childhood



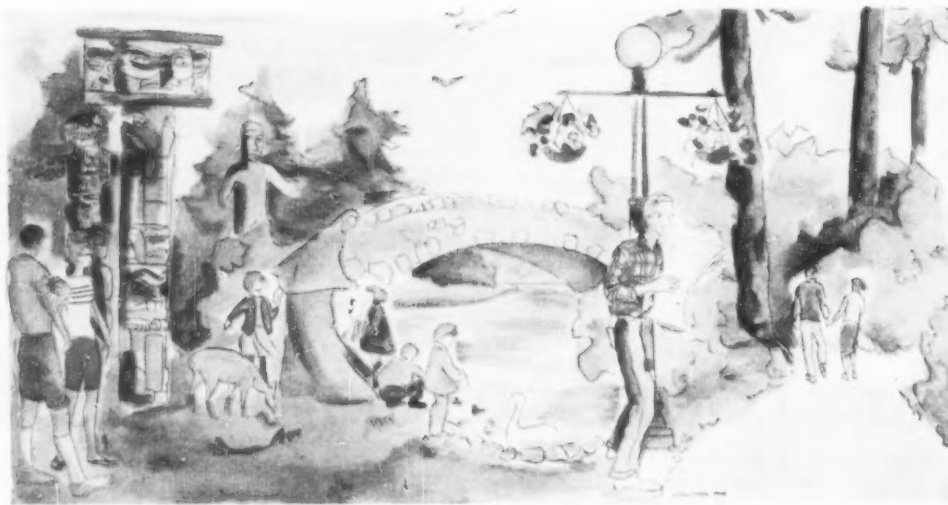
THEY PAINT WHAT THEY SEE and what they know. The 8B students at Whitehorse (Yukon Territory) Elementary and High School produced this striking picture story in soft crayon.

From the landscapes of the Group of Seven and its later imitators to the private visions of the abstractionists, Canada's face and figure have been painted in every manner and mood. The results, good or bad, have been the impressions of maturity. Now, on this and the following four pages, Maclean's presents for a refreshing change what Canada looks like to our children.

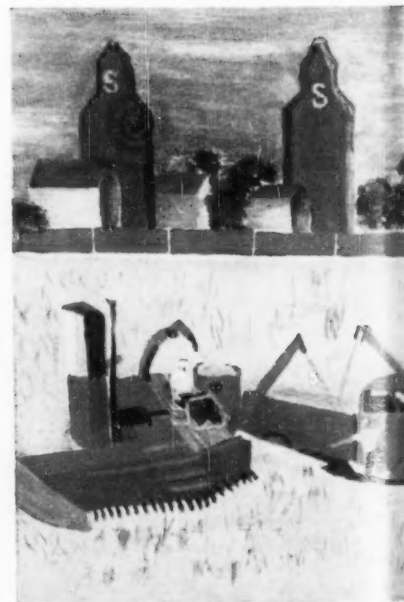
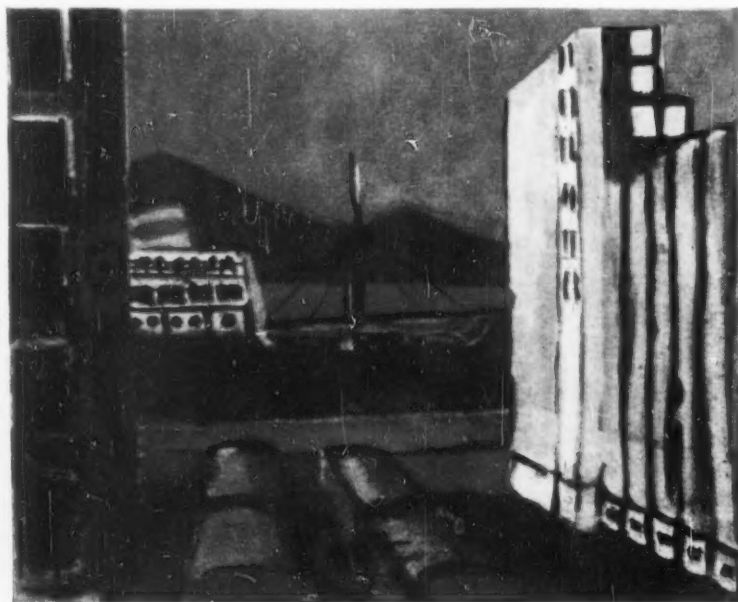
The murals from which this selection was made were gathered by Mrs. Elsa Jenkins, manager of women's activities at the Canadian National Exhibition, and will be on display at the CNE from Aug. 23 to Sept. 7. Every school in the land was invited to enter a mural on the subject, "My Community." Two hundred and fifty-two entries were received and, *en masse*, they make a unique report on the Canada of today.

The artists—some of the paintings were done by individuals, others are class projects—run all the way from grade one to high school. They live as far apart as Yellowknife, N.W.T., and Jeddore Oyster Pond, N.S. The main thing they have in common is an unerring eye for the dominant theme of their district—whether it be the bright summer harvest at Fenwick, southern Ontario (above), or the brave new suburban world of Pointe Claire, Que. (see next page) ➤

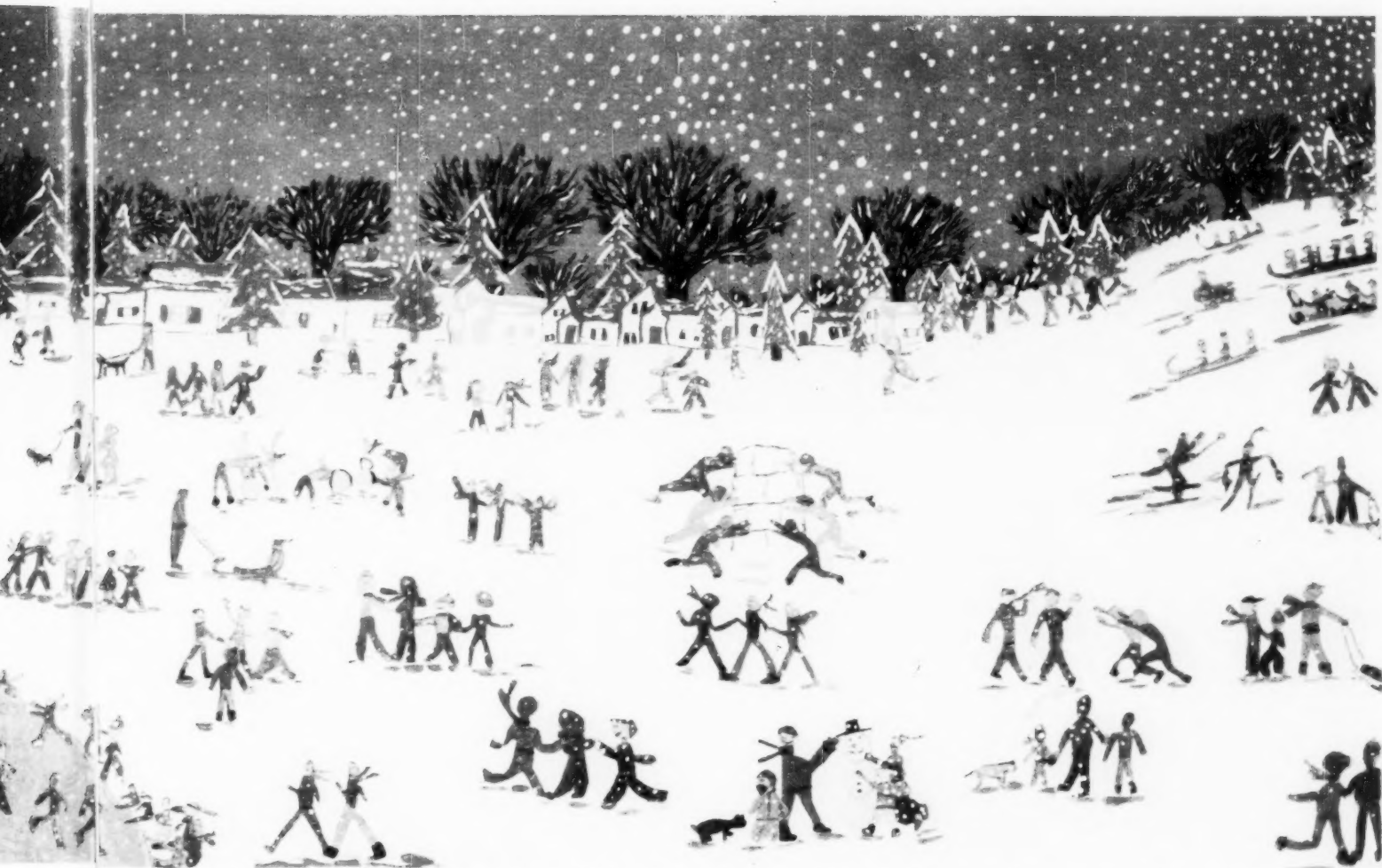
Totem poles, elevators, snowballs, suburban mud
—these pages run the gamut of the Canadian scene. The artists—from seven to
seventeen—tell a story anyone can understand



THE TWO FACES OF VICTORIA from grade 11 students at Victoria High, Vancouver Island. The soft water colors in Wendy Love's romantic conception—complete with totems and flower baskets—of scenic Beacon Hill park (above) contrast strongly with the graphic design-conscious Victoria harbor scene of Jack Horn (below).



HANDEL, SASK., looks like this to village's elevators denotes Searle grain company. Art



THIS ATTRACTIVE COLLAGE by grade 2 pupils at Danville, Que., brings to mind early primitives of Cornelius Krieghoff, and the photographic composites of Montreal's William Notman. Each figure was drawn in crayon, then cut out and pasted on master sheet.



grade 9-10 pupils. "S" on old map supplied canvas.



KIDS AREN'T FOOLED by suburban propaganda. Don Goodyer, of John Rennie School, at Pointe Claire, Que., pictures a muddy "paradise" that could be on the outskirts of half a hundred towns.

Continued over page

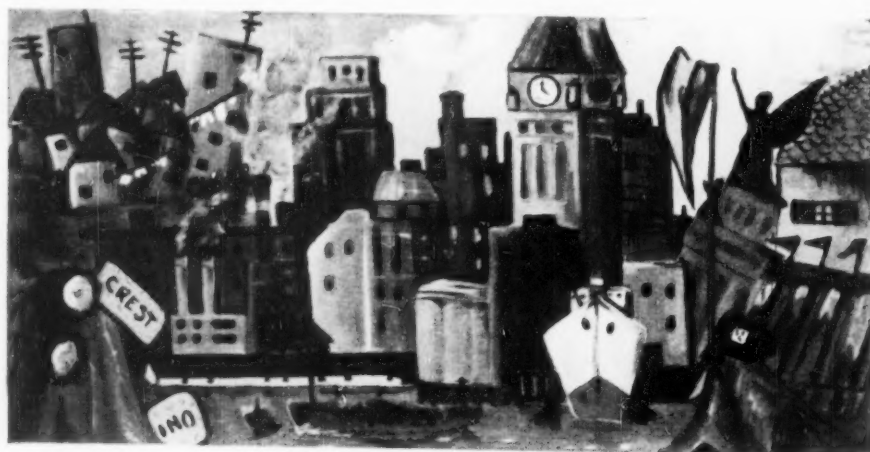
How Canada looks to our children continued

TOP PRIZE for high schools (\$100 and cup) went to Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate. Elmer Wallner's mural was jammed with sights of the Soo—including a lucky fisherman.



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN BRANDON? The pioneer parade at the 75th anniversary celebration inspired grade 6B, Park School. Mural is four feet long.

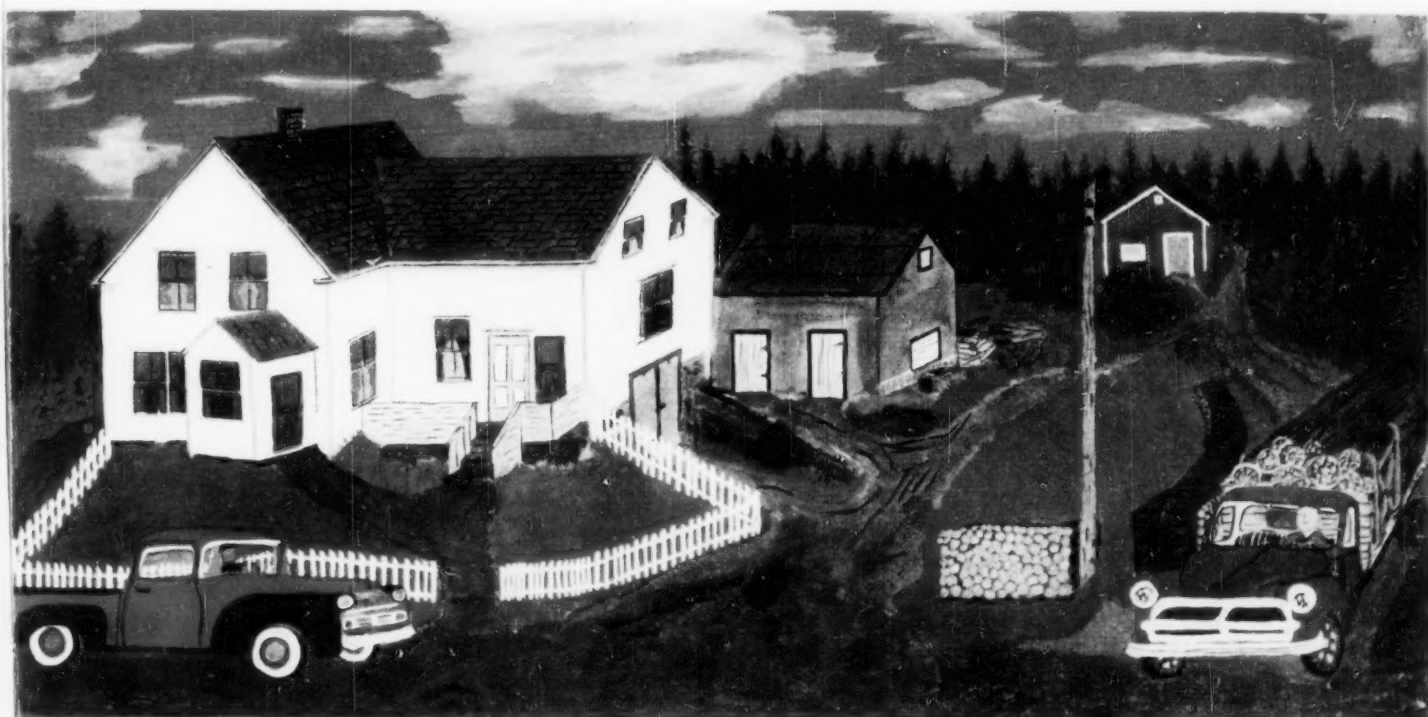
A HECTIC TORONTO strains at its seams in this entry by grade 10 from North Toronto Collegiate. The semi-abstract is one of the few paintings executed in difficult oils.





DOGS AS BIG AS HOUSES only add to the charm of this exceptional work by Sister Mary Bernard's grade one at St. Patrick's School, Yellowknife, N.W.T.

Their pictures tell us where they live. Maybe in a tent at Yellowknife(↑) or in a farmhouse in the Maritimes(↓)



NOVA SCOTIA'S NOT ALL SEASHORE, as proved by this painting from Alfred Hill, in grade 8 at Musquodoboit. Not a single picturesque sail in sight.



How to see value

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 31, 1957



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right here in Canada... these savings are passed on to you in the form of higher quality, *more* for your money.

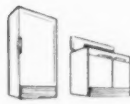
Next time you look at a price tag on a General Motors car or Frigidaire appliance, think of the extra value it represents. Value in better materials, finer workmanship and pace-setting design... the famous built-in value of every General Motors product.

MOTORS
WITH CANADA

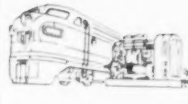
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 31, 1957



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Sweet & sour

MOVIES I COULD GO FOR

By PARKE CUMMINGS



The high and the flighty

J. Rigbee Higbee, 64, is a success as a tranquilizer-pill manufacturer, all right—he clears \$1,450,840 a week after taxes—but there's one flaw. He spends so much time and thought on his business that he rarely sees his wife, Claire.

One day a friend of his, a poet, points out his shortcomings. "Women don't just want money," he warns. "They want attention and affection."

"By golly," exclaims Rigbee, "you're right!"

That evening he returns with an orchid corsage, embraces her, showers her with kisses and exclaims, "Your voice is like a song—your skin like alabaster—your lips like a flame—your eyes like limpid pools!"

"What's got into you?" she exclaims, wrenching herself free. "You been on the sauce or have you been straying off the reservation?"

A week later she divorces him and marries a rival pill manufacturer, age 71, who clears pretty near \$2,000,000 weekly. "Not only does Hiram make more dough," she says happily, "but he skips this romantic nonsense. Give me a man who acts his age!"



"... and hurry it up, will you?"



TOM SMITH



"Help!"



Feyrer

UP-TO-DATE NURSERY STORIES

Should Jack and Jill sue?

By BARRY MATHER

Once upon a time a little boy named Jack and a little girl named Jill lived with their parents in a new subdivision, Valedale, which was only thirty-seven miles from the nearest town.

One day some men were digging a ditch to drain a lovely new homesite lot. They had the misfortune to break a water pipe. There soon was no water for Jack and Jill's mother's washer.

"Children!" she exclaimed, "take a pail and go to the top of the hill where that funny old man lives who has the well on his place. He will give you some water."

"I don't hafta," was Jack's reply.

"Yuh can't make me," Jill said.

"Now children," their mother pleaded, "be good and do what Mummy says and

you can stay up an extra two hours tonight and watch television."

At first Jack said, "I ain't gunnah."

And Jill cried: "Me neither."

But at last, when their mother gave them twenty-five cents each and brought the pail for them, they went up the hill and got some water from the well.

But on the way down Jack slipped on a rough spot in the road. He fell, suffering a slight contusion of the scalp, Jill, tumbling after him, sustained severe shock.

"Oh, my dear children!" their mother cried. "Are you badly hurt? Oh, don't cry Jack, don't cry!"

"Cry!" Jack exclaimed, "cry my eye! I'm going to sue."

"Me too," Jill said. ★

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS: It's not always clear why some of the characters behave the way they do, but writers Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman have turned the latter's novelette into a screenplay that is quite fascinating in a nasty, serpentine fashion. It's about a sadistic Manhattan columnist (Burt Lancaster, left) and a fawning press agent (Tony Curtis) and the evil world they inhabit. The film is an impressive debut in Hollywood for Alexander Mackendrick, who directed *Tight Little Island* and *The Ladykillers* in Britain.

DECISION AGAINST TIME: A slow but solid British suspense yarn about a test pilot (Jack Hawkins) who tries to land a crippled air freighter instead of parachuting to safety.

THE DELICATE DELINQUENT: In his first "solo" effort Jerry Lewis offers convincing evidence that he can be just as tiresome all by himself as he could with his ex-partner, Dean Martin. This time he's a dimwitted weakling who becomes a cop.

DINO: A better-than-average drama in its own crowded category of stories about teen-age hoodlums. Sal Mineo does well in the title role.

A HATEFUL OF RAIN: Hollywood's latest drug-addict picture is the best yet in that department. The theme itself is harrowing, but the story has power and honesty under the direction of Fred Zinnemann, who did *High Noon* and *From Here to Eternity*. It is movingly acted by Anthony Franciosa, Eva Marie Saint, Don Murray and Lloyd Nolan.

ISLAND IN THE SUN: A trashy, handsomely photographed melodrama with a Caribbean locale and a big-budget cast, including James Mason, Joan Fontaine, Harry Belafonte.

LIZZIE: Raped in childhood, a complicated young woman develops three distinct personalities, all strenuously portrayed by Eleanor Parker. Rating: fair.

MAN ON FIRE: A decent, dullish soap opera in which a non-singing Bing Crosby depicts a rich man embittered by divorce and fiercely resolved to monopolize his eleven-year-old son.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Admirable Crichton: Desert-island comedy-drama. Good.

Bachelor Party: Drama. Good.

Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.

Checkpoint: Road-race drama. Fair.

Desk Set: Comedy. Good.

The D.L.: Marines training-camp comedy-drama. Fair.

Doctor at Large: Comedy. Good.

A Face in the Crowd: Satire-on-TV drama. Good.

Fire Down Below: Drama. Poor.

Full of Life: Comedy. Good.

Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.

The Great Man: Drama. Excellent.

The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.

High Tide at Noon: Drama. Fair.

How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.

The Incredible Shrinking Man: Science-fiction thriller. Excellent.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

The Little Hut: Comedy. Poor.

The Lonely Man: Western. Fair.

Lost Horizon (reissue): Drama. Good.

Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.

Maddalena: Drama. Fair.

The Man Who Turned to Stone: Science-fiction. Poor.

The March Hare: Turf comedy. Fair.

Men in War: War drama. Fair.

The Monte Carlo Story: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.

The Prince and the Showgirl: British romantic comedy. Good.

Public Pigeon No. 1: Comedy. Poor.

Saint Joan: Historical drama. Fair.

The Seventh Sin: Drama. Poor.

The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.

Silk Stockings: Musical. Good.

Something of Value: Africa drama. Fair.

The Spanish Gardener: Drama. Good.

Stella: Greek sex-drama. Fair.

The Strange One: Drama. Good.

Tammy and the Bachelor: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.

This Could Be the Night: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.

Tiger in the Smoke: Drama. Fair.

The Unholy Wife: Melodrama. Poor.

Way to the Gold: Drama. Fair.

Yangtze Incident: British naval-war drama. Good.



The night Grandma swam the lake

continued from page 17

the whole lake"—he threw his arm out in a wide arc—"was stiff with the wretches paddling for some prize or other. I was there the night the Egyptian tried to swim it on his back. I was there when the whole Disberry family tried it. I went across with the coach who threatened to use a bull whip on his swimmer last week." He gripped the edge of the desk and raised his voice to a shout. "I've been out on that lake so much that I appear on the new maps."

Joe bent his head. When he raised it his eyes were hard and his mouth was firm. "I know, Henry," he said. "I don't know how you've stood it these past three years."

"Where does it all end, Joe? I ask you, where does it all end? I took my girl June to dinner two nights ago and when the waiter recommended lake trout I went for his throat like a stoat, or I guess a lamprey eel would be more fitting. They were going to call the cops. June has asked a man who writes psychological documentaries for the CBC to analyze me."

"Why don't you get some sleep, Henry?"

The lanky man turned away. He walked a step and then stopped and took off his hat and looked at it sadly. He turned back.

Henry looked at the hat again and then put it back on his head. "All right, Joe," he said. "Don't worry, I'm going. But take hope, Joe. It will be all over soon."

"That's right. They haven't tried swimming under the ice."

Henry shook his head emphatically. "That isn't what I mean at all, Joe. It will all be ended—*kaput*—very soon indeed. This summer, I mean, without the blessed intervention of Old Mother Nature. Even now plans are being perfected that will blow the whole thing high and wide. Take heart, Joe, we will all be set free."

"What do you mean, Henry?"

The tall one turned slowly in the axis of heels and when he was pointed once again in the direction of the door began to walk, a ludicrous yet somehow impressive figure with high cocked hat and grotesque footwear. "Take heart, Joe," he intoned once more from the shadows, and he was gone.

THE next morning at his rooming house Henry looked apprehensively at the hat, swaying gently from the ancient electric light which had originally been used for gaslight. Fearfully he sorted out his imperfect memories of the night before, particularly the last part of it. What had he told Joe about his scheme? Nothing much apparently because at the moment he couldn't remember it himself.

But for a moment, at least, he did have a plan to end the marathon swimming madness that took Toronto in its damp clutches each summer. Henry, like most of the citizens and even those demicizens, the newspaper reporters, thought the first crossing of the lake by a teen-aged slip of a girl was a fine and gallant



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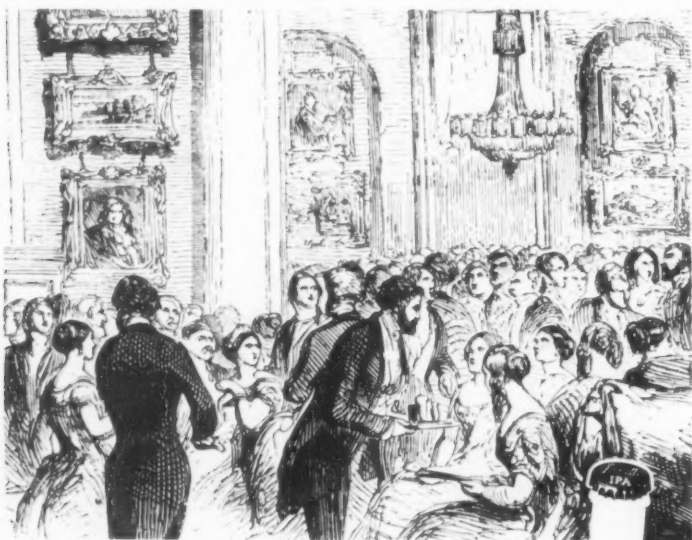
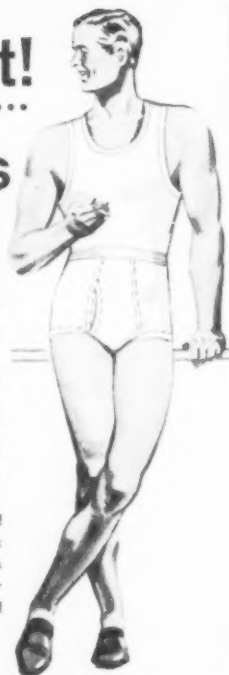


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MRS. SMYTHE: "You amaze me, Sir Giles! Why do you thus yearn?"
SIR GILES: "Here, Madam, they serve only fizz . . . a suitable enough tippie for ladies and young boys."
MRS. SMYTHE: "But not for men, Sir Giles! Don't tell me you too are a devotee of Mr. Labatt's India Pale Ale."
SIR GILES: "Of none other, Madam! Of all the nectars man under providence has created, this is the heartiest, the richest, the mellowest . . . nay, the only drink fit for a man!"



MR. LABATT BEGAN BREWING IPA FOR MEN IN 1828

"If this comes off," said Henry, "it may well end marathon swims forever—or end my career!"

thing. Indeed, he thought so highly of the exploit that he wrote a pretty powerful piece as his contribution to the Bugle's coverage of the event. It was so good, apparently, that ever since Henry had worked and lived, so it often seemed, either on some beach waiting for a swimmer to take off or come in, or on a small pitching boat out on the lake. This experience had not only given Henry a chronic case of seasickness, but a low opinion of mankind ashore and afloat. The swimmers, who still assaulted the lake in shoals for prize money and just for the notoriety, he felt were beyond redemption. Too long exposure in water, even though fresh, had somehow marinated their minds, he was sure. The antics of those on shore, their almost frenzied interest in each swim no matter how dull, he found harder to dismiss. He wanted desperately to save them from themselves and see their interests steered into legitimate drier channels.

He leaned on one elbow in bed and lit a cigarette. What was the plan now? He remembered he had the germ of an idea when he was talking to Joe last night—something about a magnet. He leaped out of bed and stood in the middle of the floor shivering with excitement. He remembered now. It would be a cinch to arrange. And the result—he spread his hands and beamed to all corners of the room, like a man accepting a nomination—the end of across-the-lake swims. Dignity would return to Toronto, which undoubtedly would become a kind of Athens with racetracks. And he, Henry Blodgett, would be saved from a gibbering end that would find him sitting in a corner of the City Hall pressroom plucking at his clothes and crying to no one in particular every few minutes, "Take him out, you fool. Can't you see the boy will never make it?"

His next move was to call his girl—at least he hoped she was still his girl after that ugly episode in the restaurant a few nights before when he lost his head when the waiter suggested lake trout—and arrange to have lunch with her. June, in addition to being admirably constructed, was smart, far smarter than he was, Henry was willing to admit. He would need her help in this project designed to save a whole city from further ignominy and even disaster.

June would be very glad to have lunch with him.

JUNE GROGAN, besides being a very fetching gretchen indeed, wrote highly intellectual poetry on her own time, and on the time of an advertising agency wrote highly nonintellectual jingles in support of the month's new brand of detergent. In addition to being all the things mentioned earlier, June was also a well-adjusted girl.

She was already at their favorite corner of their favorite café when Henry arrived for their luncheon date. Their favorite waiter was a former undertaker's assistant called Charlie. Charlie thought both of them were a little crazy but he had once said in an embarrassingly sentimental moment, "You're my kind of people."

"I don't care what people say, J.G., you look terrific," said Henry as he slid into the chair next to her.

"How do you know? You haven't seen a woman who wasn't wearing swimming goggles for two months."

"You know what, J.G.?" Henry whis-

pered earnestly to her so he wouldn't offend or, what was worse, puzzle Charlie. "Let's face it, I'm my kind of guy."

June smoked her cigarette. It was part of their private code that neither showed the slightest approval of anything that was said. Usually, as today, this aplomb was not hard to maintain.

"What's this crazy scheme you told me about on the phone to smash the under-water racket for good and all?" asked June.

"If this comes off it may well end the marathon swims forever. It can also end my career as a newspaperman."

"If it's good you can get a job at our place. You're too fine, Henry, to be working for anything but money. By the way we're going to start and push a new product. It's called soap."

Henry drew a piece of copy paper from his pocket and spread it out between them. He poised his pencil.

"I figured this out last night as I lay groaning in the scuppers of the Pinta, cursing the day that I had ever left my boyhood home in Devon and set sail with such a ruffianly crew of . . ."

"Ruffians," offered June.

Henry nodded his small gratitude. "Okay, ruffians." He bent over the paper. "Here's the deal. They make wire now that's so fine it's almost invisible, especially against water, and so strong that it will support a family of six. This wire is hard to get but I know where I can get enough for the job. We stretch two wires from the two pilot boats and our swimmer lies on the sling they form and just paddles her way across."

He looked up with alarm. "June, where are you going?"

She had picked up her gloves and her bag and was moving away from the table without even smoothing her skirt. "You said 'her,'" she said accusingly.

Henry waved down her objection. "Don't be silly. I wasn't even thinking of you for this assignment. Besides, you've got to keep working steady so I'll have a place to land when they fire me, probably out of a cannon."

June gingerly resumed her place. "Perhaps it has occurred to you that it is even just slightly more illegal than salting a uranium mine."

Henry looked pleased. "Of course it is. The guys in the two boats are crooks."

"I realize it won't be too hard to find two boatloads of crooks, but that still doesn't make it any more legitimate. They have referees and things on these swims, don't they?" asked June.

"Sure they have but when the official party comes around our men lower the wires into the water and our swimmer carries on freestyle while they are peering at her. I'll arrange to keep the press navy far enough back so they can't see too much. And as for the swimmer herself, she's not doing anything really illegal. We won't put her in competition for any prize. She'll just be doing it for . . . well, like the unemployed tinsmith who swam the lake this summer so he could get new teeth for his mother."

"And what if an aroused populace showers her with gifts? You know how excited people still get about these swims. The mayor may even want to give her an expenses-paid trip to Montreal as a gift at a big City Hall reception. She'll be a thief."

"We turn down all gifts. We did it pour le sport."

"Leave the French out of this. They're far too wise to have anything to do with anything involving so much water," said June. She examined the sketch for a moment and then looked up. "All right, so you have a gimmick that will tow someone across the lake so it looks as though she were swimming. What I want to know now is, who is 'her'?"

Henry smiled. "Ah, that's where you come in. As a matter of fact you come in at two places. First, you come in with some money because it's going to cost something to set this up and pay the cast of characters. I'm being careful about the people I let in on it."

"Gee, thanks," said June without enthusiasm.

"But I was depending on you almost entirely to find our leading lady. She has to be photogenic, a reasonably good swimmer, with or without wires, and a grandmother."

June's big blue eyes were never bigger.

"A grandmother? You must be crazy," Henry looked a trifle hurt.

"I thought a grandmother would be nice," he said. "We've had teen-agers, war veterans, a one-legged man and a young mother. A grandmother, I think, would capture the imagination."

"It's indecent," said June firmly. "Of course it is. The whole thing has become indecent but having a grandmother conquer the cruel lake is just what the situation needs. New dignity, new meaning and . . ."

"And new money, I pass," she said. "This whole scheme is just so much fresh-water toffee. Your brain has been coddled by too many crossings of that dismal swamp."

Once again she began to pick up her bag and gloves. She paused. "Just one thing before I go out that door, probably never to return. Just how will this end the silly spectacle of people swimming Lake Ontario while thousands of gristle-heads cheer?"

Henry bent even closer and by the time he was through talking in a low conspiratorial voice, June was scrambling for her cheque book and looking up names of likely grandmothers who had been used by the agency in ads for cake mixes.

At one point June looked at him with an ardor he had never before observed. "Henry," she breathed, "have you ever thought of becoming a spy?"

THERE was no time for lunch because Henry had to report back to swim headquarters, a shack on the waterfront maintained by the Bugle as an outpost. To Henry it had become a kind of prison. The only way he was able to tolerate it was to remind himself that it didn't rock as much as a boat.

But later that day, much later, in fact, he was able to introduce June to the four boatmen he had hired for the job. The six of them crowded Henry's room. His landlady, he was sure, was pacing the downstairs hall wondering whether she should call the police now instead of later.

Henry had supplied them all with sweatshirts with the word "Coach" in scarlet letters, about 124 point, the size used by the Bugle to headline a world war or a lake swim.

"Meet Rocky," said Henry with a wave of his hand that pushed the smoke far enough, momentarily, so she could see them. "Rocky—June."

They rose and bowed formally although on the way back up from the bow two of them knocked heads and turned a little ugly. "Which is Rocky?" asked June.

"All of them," said Henry. "We thought it would be better that way."

"Live and let live, like," said one of the Rockys with a grin that would have been more impressive if there had been some teeth behind it.

"You see," explained Henry, "the boys have been operating a little lake venture of their own. It seems there is a wide gap between the immigration laws governing entry into the United States and those affecting Canada."

June saw. They were smuggling immigrants, who couldn't get into the U.S.

because of the quota, across the lake. Her earlier verdant enthusiasm for Henry's genius was beginning to turn a little brown around the edges. With the feeling that she was living an experience she had already dreamed, she heard herself saying that she would go along in one of the boats "just for fun."

"Good girl," said Henry heartily. June shot him a glance. He realized he was not only talking to her as though she were a horse but he was acting suspiciously like a man who had known all along it would turn out this way.

The rest of the conference was devoted to details. Henry would deliver the wire in a few days so the Rockys could work out with it. One of them suggested a couple of loops would be a good idea so the "lady could get a good holt." The middle of August, ten days hence, seemed a good time to make the attempt. Henry smiled. Attempt—this was one swim that wouldn't end with the swimmer being pulled stern first over the stern.

They arranged a starting point near Youngstown, N.Y. The boys exchanged



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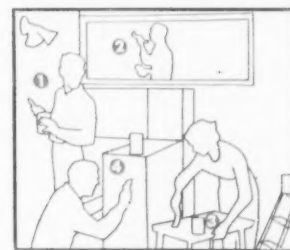
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"You are criminally insane," sighed June, "and I am the biggest patsy since Mother Machree was a colleen"

glances. They happened to know a good little cove from which to begin. They of course already had the boats complete without outboard motors. Henry would be the only newspaperman there for the start if security held up. June could deliver Grandmother Crampton in good time and that was about all there was to it, Henry concluded.

After Rocky, one to four inclusive, had left, Henry took June home in a taxi. Her silence worried him but not too much. She would go along. He refrained, however, from calling her "good girl" again. He didn't want anything to go wrong now. He slept better than he had slept for weeks. He felt a little like a researcher on the verge of the discovery of a cure for the common cold.

EXCEPT for one show of intransigence on June's part, when she called Henry from the airport and said she was taking the next plane to Bermuda for a two-weeks holiday, the planning went smoothly. Mrs. Crampton seemed perfect for this kind of work. She was technically a grandmother, all right. Some might wonder how this could be when her pneumatic young daughter Grace had only been married six months, but there was a lovely little boy called Harvey to offer as living proof of her status. Mrs. Crampton's hair was prematurely white, which added what Henry described as a "homey" touch. She had never swum a lake before but she had years of experience with a water-ballet sideshow that had gone broke at the Brandon Fair in a particularly wet summer a few years before.

"All you've got to do, Mrs. Crampton, is keep from getting cramps. That's all you have to worry about," Henry assured her before she and June left for the rendezvous.

Mrs. Crampton nodded and opened her bag for the tenth time to make sure the money Henry had given her was still there.

"And as for you, my dear," he said as he turned to June while they waited for the train to be called, "well, what can I say?"

"If you're really stuck I can think of quite a few things," said June.

"Don't be bitter," he said.

"I have just figured it out, Henry," she said wearily. "You are criminally insane and I am the biggest patsy since Mother Machree was a colleen."

Henry started at the sound of the train announcer's unearthly voice.

"There's your train. Good luck and"—he held up a skinny forefinger, the same one held up earlier in this story—"I have everything under control. Nothing can go wrong."

June groaned. "Come, little mother," she said taking Mrs. Crampton by the arm.

DISASTER struck with such perfect timing that one might have thought the blow had been carefully fitted into the plan.

June telephoned him at noon to say that Mrs. Crampton was all wired up and ready to go.

"Let's start," said Henry jubilantly. "The balloon has gone up."

"Oh, don't be silly," said June. "When do you get here, or have you got your bags packed?"

"Don't you be silly. I'll take off as soon as I clear with the office. But you get going before anyone hears about it."

Then he made what was to be a rou-

tine call to the city desk to tell them that he had an exclusive on a new swim and wanted to go across the lake to pick it up.

"Fine work, Henry," said the city editor. "We're sending a man down to take over from you."

Henry sounded like a swimmer who had been left in too long. Finally, he gurgled. "No, not that!"

The city editor was a kindly man at heart in spite of that story, which was never really proved, about sending a reporter to interview an old and stately tree that had been stricken with Dutch elm blight. He was chuckling now like an ink-stained Kris Kringle.

"Now hear this, Henry," he said. "We are taking you off the swims. Henry, you can walk in the sun again, stand erect and look people in the eye."

"But . . . but . . . but . . . I want to cover one more. Just one more."

Henry could hear him say in an aside, "You were right, Joe, the poor guy is waterlogged. He even sounds like a motorboat." Then to Henry, "We've been talking it over here and we think you've done a grand job, just a grand job, but you've earned a rest."

"But boss . . .," Henry began.

"You wait for Findlay and give him what you've got. Then you go up to City Hall. They've been fighting an extra hundred-dollar grant to the Art Gallery. Alderman Eckworth says he's sure some of those pictures are painted by Communists. He says they use them to transmit messages by code."

And he hung up. For the next fifteen minutes Henry paced the creaking floor of the makeshift office by the lake. By the time Findlay appeared at the door he knew what he must do. But it was soon evident that Findlay was definitely not going to co-operate, not even for twenty dollars.

"This is my assignment and I'm going to do it," he said firmly.

Henry's face was a twisted mask of frustration and supplication. How could he convince Findlay short of revealing the plot to him? There was no way, it seemed . . . unless . . .

"Clyde," said Henry in a new quiet voice that he hoped didn't sound menacing, "what do you make of this?"

Findlay looked in the direction of the shack in which Henry was pointing and then took a step forward to get a better look. As soon as his back was turned Henry struck. He had no sooner slipped the rope around Findlay's arms than his own were pinned to his body with even greater force.

"The boss was right," croaked a guttural voice behind him. "The lad's not well at all."

Henry slumped in defeat. "Okay, okay," he said. "I'll go quietly." He turned and faced Ryan, the driver of one of the news cars, who had been backstopping Findlay. "Sneak," said Henry. Ryan grinned but kept a hand on his wrist. "I'm sorry, Clyde," said Henry hesitantly to the other reporter who was massaging his skinny arms where the rope had bitten deep. "Something snapped. I guess." He sighed. "I'll give you the dope on this swim."

Henry was happy to be able to pull the forensic fog generated by the city-council meeting over his head like a blanket for the next few hours. It kept him from thinking about what was happening out on the lake. After a while he was even able to ignore Ryan's wary watch beside him.

When he came out, shortly after five, the first headlines screamed a welcome to him. **GRAN IN LAKE TRY**, cried the Bugle. This would mean little or nothing to a man or woman from Mars or even from Buffalo, but to readers of the Bugle it said instantly and clearly that a sweet little white-haired grandmother was this very moment courageously struggling through the chilly waters of Lake Ontario bound for the Toronto shore and fame.

IT SAID with equal clarity to Henry that he was in deep trouble, the exact dimensions of which would not be known until Mrs. Crampton hit the beach as fast as outboard motors and larceny could get her there. Most of the swimmers, using the old-fashioned method of getting across the lake, took about twenty hours. Henry figured his entry would arrive about dawn.

He stopped and had a hamburger and a cup of coffee and then took a cab down to the breakwater at the Exhibition grounds and prepared to wait. He estimated that the damp night air, mixed with his remorse, made a combination only slightly less depressing than the news that he had six or maybe seven



Who is it?

One of the First World War's best-known majors, he made his name with a long list of good skates. Turn to page 39 to find out who he grew up to be.

months to live. By dawn Henry overheard himself asking what it would be like to drown.

But by that time the crowd had begun to gather, many of the people carrying special late editions of a morning paper. **FIVE MILES TO GO**, screamed the headline. Making allowances for the time it took the paper to get to press, and Mrs. Crampton's unusual mode of locomotion, she should be a great deal closer than that by now.

Henry rose from the bench he was sharing with a family group and moved closer to the lakeshore. The little flotilla was visible now, joined by a score of larger boats, no more than a mile off shore. He was sure it was only an optical illusion but for a moment he thought he could distinctly see June's scornful eyes burning through the light morning mist.

Now Mrs. Crampton was clearly visible, her white bathing cap moving slowly but steadily through the calm slick water. And in one of the boats someone was standing, at great peril to all hands, and cheering. This was no illusion; this was June Grogan, girl girl.

An earlier inclination to go up on the highway and thumb a ride to anywhere was now overcome by curiosity. Henry was swept along the water's edge by the cheering crowd. What took place then was a familiar and distasteful scene to Henry. The pyrotechnic display of flash-bulbs, the sordid squabbling and snarling of rival reporters trying to grab the swimmer, as though she were a piece of salvage, for exclusive interviews and pictures and the emergence of the man who always yelled. "Give 'um air."

Henry sighed deeply. He was in trouble. First, he'd failed to show up for Mrs. Crampton's launching, leaving June with the job of piloting the show across the lake. Second, it seemed obvious from June's cheers that the poor girl herself had been somehow smitten with swim fever. She'd never speak to him again, of course, but he had to put Phase D, the clincher, into motion. Quite obviously these people who should have been home in bed had been completely fooled. They would slobber over Grandmother Crampton for a few hours; he might give them as much as a day and then Henry would expose the whole thing for the fraud it was in an exclusive story in the Bugle.

The result would be that no one would ever trust a lake swim again and the swims would wither and die a belated death. Yes, in spite of June he must do this. He had never felt his civic duty more keenly than he did now even though he was quite ready to admit that his altruism had been somewhat marbled with larceny.

He turned away. He couldn't face June, not right now. He wasn't sure he could face the city editor, now that the moment of truth had arrived, but he decided he would be far less formidable.

WHEN Henry had finished speaking, the city editor got out of his chair and walked around his desk, for they had retired to the privacy of his office, and put a fatherly hand on Henry's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "you're still not well. Why don't you let us send you on a little holiday? We'll pick up the tab."

Henry shook off his hand. "Look, you're not going to treat me like some lush you want to dry out. I'm not sick and this swim is a fake. I can prove it."

The city editor picked up the noon edition and solemnly regarded the bannerline: **GRAN LICKS LAKE**. He looked down at Henry.

"I don't think you can. I don't think you can prove to all those people out there"—he vaguely indicated the city with a gesture—"that this lovable old lady who set a new record for crossing the lake is a phony." His voice dropped. "I don't think you would want to if you could, Henry."

Henry was frantic now. What sort of a monster had he created out of this simple white-haired old harridan?

"I'll be back in an hour," he shouted and he raced from the office. Behind him he could hear someone call, "Ryan . . ."

Rocky Mark II was at his usual table in the Jolly Plowman, done in stockbroker Tudor and dedicated to the solace of the two-dollar bettor. Henry threw himself into the chair beside the boatman whose red eyes were at least partly due to his long vigil as squire to Mrs. Crampton.

"Now they won't believe me, Rocky," he stammered. "They want to believe it was on the level."

Rocky wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Buy a beer," he suggested

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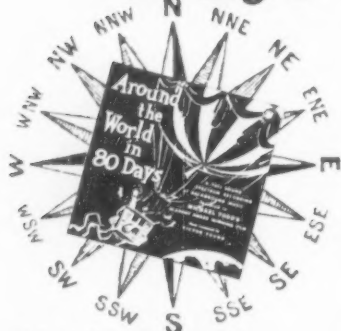
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brusquely. He looked closely at Henry. "You won't get sore now, will you? After all, the old dame did get across the lake."

Henry shook his head. "No, I won't get sore. But I've got to expose the whole thing or I've done more harm, far more harm, than good. If we don't blow this sky high this city will never recover from this sickness. You've got to help me tell them."

Rocky tugged at his beer. He leaned forward. "You know me and the boys have done a little business taking clients out on the lake. You know that?" Henry knew that. "Well, once we get over to the other side we get a very urgent request from an old customer who wants to get back into Canada, but fast."

"Well, so what?" Rocky blushed a little under his beard and his windburn. "We sold him that there wire."

"But . . . Mrs. Crampton." Rocky looked roguish. "We just never did tell her the wire wasn't there." He leaned across and dug Henry in the ribs. "She done real good, didn't she?"

Henry had a feeling that he was going to be the first man to pass out in the Jolly Plowman after one weak beer.

"Oh, we told your girl after we got started. She was mad at first but after a while she was cheerin' and bawlin' and cheerin' and cryin'." He shuddered slightly. "What a night!"

Like a man in a trance Henry dealt some more change on the wet table top. "This other guy . . . how about him?" Henry wondered if his voice might stay

high and squeaky like that for the rest of his life. Shock did funny things to people. He must remember to look and see if his hair had turned white.

"Well, we didn't want to let you down, see, so we fixed it up for another couple of boats—colleagues of ours you might say—to bring Steve across. We stayed with the old lady."

"You mean he's swimming across?" Rocky nodded. "That's right. I told you it was urgent. He should get in sometime tonight with a whole bunch of them that's swimming for some prize. He figures he'll just get lost in the crowd when they land and that way won't have to bother the immigration guys."

Henry walked slowly to the door. Then he hesitated and looked back at the table. "Say, Rocky," he asked quietly, "what was Granny's time?"

THE first person he saw when he entered the Bugle office was the last person he wanted to see anywhere. But June threw herself into his arms, the sort of thing that would have been very pleasant indeed under different circumstances. Her eyes were still damp with emotion.

"Henry, isn't it wonderful! That courageous, wonderful little old lady." She hugged him hard. "Oh, Henry, when I think of all the cynical remarks I've made about lake swimmers I'm ashamed of myself. Out there last night on the lake with the stars overhead and Mrs. Crampton fighting on and on beside us . . . Oh, Henry, I've never felt this way about anything before."

Time, gentle time, might bring her

back to him, he thought as he looked in to her radiant face.

"You're not sore at me?" he asked quietly.

"Sore at you? Henry, you don't know what this has meant to me. And to think that we had planned to make a fool of her and all the people who love her so much."

"I was a beast," said Henry simply. June pointed excitedly down the hall. "They're taking her picture. She says she isn't the least bit tired. Someone has given her a lifetime supply of bluing for her hair. Oh, the gifts are just pouring in. The city is probably going to give her something."

If my plan had worked they might have given her life, said Henry ruefully to himself.

Over the top of June's head Henry could see the city editor charge out of his office. He walked with a characteristic flat-footed step like a man stamping out a grass fire.

"Henry!" he roared. "You're back on swims as of now. There's another guy halfway across and it looks as though he's going to cut the record in half." Henry wondered why should he think of that rest home again at this moment?

June's body grew rigid with excitement as she heard the words. Henry patted her gently. He would have to stay near her; he would have to be strong for both of them in the difficult days to come.

The city editor was shouting again. "Get this, Henry," he was saying. "This guy's wearing a derby!" ★



London Letter continued from page 7

Piccadilly smiled at Vivien's protest, but the Lords were shocked

I am keeping Vivien Leigh waiting off stage, and those of you who remember her Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind* will realize that when Vivien's anger is roused anything may happen.

Therefore let it be stated at once that when she heard that St. James's Theatre had been sentenced to death she was filled with fury. Five or six years ago she and her husband, Laurence Olivier, took over St. James's and did a season consisting of alternate performances of Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra and Bernard Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra. Believe me, Vivien in her dual interpretations of the Serpent of the Nile was terrific.

So when the protests against the demolition of the theatre began to take voice, Vivien's blood boiled. First she got a sandwich board with a picture of the theatre and a placard proclaiming that St. James's must be saved, and then she paraded Piccadilly. Some people laughed, others waved their hands but Vivien's face was deadly earnest. In fairness no one said it was a stunt. Vivien is of the theatre and of nothing else.

The pressure of public opinion became so heavy that it was announced that the sale of the theatre would be debated in the House of Lords. Let me assure you that their lordships seldom display emotion and there is none of the barracking that takes place among the lesser breed in the House of Commons, but within these limitations the peers were considerably worried as the debate proceeded on its stately way.

Imagine then the confusion, the shock and the embarrassment when suddenly Vivien Leigh from her seat in the Distinguished Strangers section jumped to her feet and in a ringing voice cried, "My lords, I wish to protest against the St. James's Theatre being demolished . . ."

The peers were startled, shocked and excited. Here before them on her feet was a defiant female in a glamorous green floral frock, daring to speak not only in a chamber to which she did not belong but in the presence of the Lord Chancellor himself.

Fortunately Black Rod, who wears a sword, leaped to his feet and hurried to Vivien, carrying his gold-tipped staff of office. "You had better leave," he said gently but firmly. "Certainly," said Vivien. "I have to get to the theatre anyway." So she was escorted from the chamber and took a taxi to the theatre where she and Sir Laurence are starring in *Titus Andronicus*.

At this point you might be wondering why the sentence of death on St. James's should rouse such resentment whereas the slaughter of the Lyceum, Stoll's, the Gaiety and Daly's aroused only disappointment and irritation. The fact that my own play, *It Happened in September*, was a sensational flop at St. James's in 1941 would hardly give the theatre an aura of immortality, although I never pass it without remembering the faithful cast that spiritedly played the last performance of my play as if it were the first night.

Fortunately for this letter, the story of

St. James's involves some of the most famous names and exciting incidents in the whole history of the London stage. It was there that the youthful Charles Dickens not only wrote and produced a play but made a curtain speech after each performance. It was also at St. James's that the Marquis of Queensberry went to the theatre on the opening night of a play by Oscar Wilde, with a horse whip under his arm. The scandal of Wilde and young Lord Alfred Douglas, the son of the marquis, had attained such notoriety that Queensberry was determined not only publicly to thrash Wilde, but to ruin him. However, the attendants compromised by locking the marquis, known as the Black Douglas, in the box office. At the end of that particular performance Wilde went on the stage and made a bland and witty speech, as if nothing unusual had happened. In short, St. James's Theatre has a history and a character that are unique.

Now to return to Vivien and the aftermath of her intervention. The *Daily Express* gave prominence to Mr. Harry Fieldhouse who wrote a letter in which he argued that "this island is overrun with sentimentalists" and roundly condemned Vivien and all her works. But the following day the *Express* published a telegram from one of the famous figures of the BBC which read:

Your correspondent Harry Fieldhouse is right. St. James's Theatre is just a museum piece. Away with it and up with offices! Carry his idea a



step further — away with the Old Curiosity Shop and the Cenotaph (just silly sentiment). Burn the Cutty Sark and as for Nelson's old Victory, rip it out and turn it into flats. Stonehenge should be modernized, Ann Hathaway's cottage become an espresso bar. I also suggest pulling down Mr. Fieldhouse. (Signed) Spike Milligan.

This was followed by a letter from Dennis Price, a well-known London actor, who went full out in the bloody struggle between art and materialism:

Congratulations to Lady Olivier for waking their serene lordships out of their after-tea coma. And to Miss Athene Seyler for ringing a bell with her against the preposterous idea of shoving up unimportant offices in a place where thousands have captured hours of pleasure. The next "head" to fall will presumably be the Victoria Palace Theatre, with the Crazy Gang of comedians making way for British Railways headquarters as an extension to the Brighton line.

The next step was inevitable and I was not wholly surprised when George Strauss, a wealthy, idealistic socialist MP, asked if I would join him in an all-party deputation of protest to the minister of housing and local government. With a promptness that was admirable the minister replied that he would see us within twenty-four hours. Perhaps he was moved to this swift decision by the fear that Vivien might gain access to our public gallery and address the House of Commons.

Well, we went to see the minister, Henry Brooke, and realized that we had better get right down to business because, as the former head of the London County Council, he knows the whole problem at every level. One of the interesting questions put to him was whether private enterprise had the right to erect an office building in an area that includes St. James's Street with its clubs and quaint old shops and ends in the ancient glory of St. James's Palace. "Why should office buildings invade the centre of London?" asked a fellow Tory. "Office buildings should be barred within a certain range."

The minister said that he would consider our arguments, but we wanted more than that. Eventually he agreed that a statement should be sent to the press that if any person or body would agree to pay

fifty thousand pounds compensation to the owners of St. James's (the profit the owners were to make on the sale), he would consider a fresh approach to the retention of the St. James's as a theatre. At the end of our talk a statement to this effect was issued to the press.

At the moment I cannot carry the story farther than that, but you will agree that the issue that has been raised is far more important than the loss or the retention of a single theatre, no matter how splendid its history. The straight challenge is whether materialism—and I do not use that word disparagingly—has the right to impose its will upon the spiritual.

Those of my grandfather's generation who were born in Toronto and lived there saw a waterfront and harbor of great natural beauty turned into a hideous jumble of railway tracks, sheds and warehouses. But our ancestors were struggling to create a community that could support itself and they were not primarily interested in beauty. There must have been dreamers who saw ahead into the vista of the years but their voices were drowned in the rattle of freight cars and the groaning of cranes conveying supplies to the wharves.

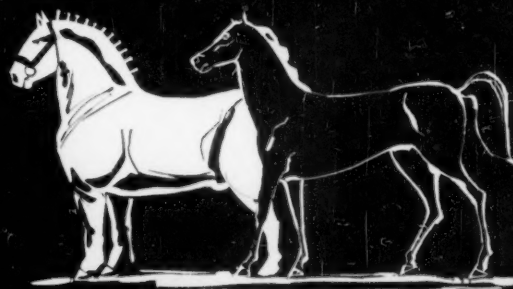
Yet the paradox of St. James's Theatre is that the man who bought it for the purpose of demolition was Felix Fenston, the financier-dreamer with the golden beard who backed the mad venture of Mayflower II. He met with Miss Leigh and talked the whole thing over, but emerged from the meeting with his mind unchanged: the hundred-and-twenty-two-year-old theatre must go. Vivien refused to accept defeat. "I still hope," she said, "to persuade Mr. Fenston to reprieve the St. James's."

Meanwhile, she continues to fight the same battle on other fronts. Recently she appeared on television and appealed to trade unionists to refuse to pull down the historic show place.

The struggle between the realist and the romanticist is as old as life itself. I think it was Oscar Wilde who wrote a fanciful story of the First Artist. The world was in its infancy as the men went out to kill animals for food and to take the fish from the sea. But there was one man who stayed behind and with his hands made beautiful things out of clay, and the women were glad although the men laughed derisively when they came back from the hills and the sea.

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COYNE, Bank of Canada: he'll buck Diefenbaker on "tight money policy."

and economic policy, with something of the same result. Already it is evident that some radically different measures are possible; the question whether they are advisable is still open.

Many of the Conservatives' promises were expensive, so expensive that the Grits had great fun with them during the campaign.

"Diefenbaker says he'll give money here and give money there, and still collect less money to do it with," they cried. "Who does he think he is, the prophet Elisha?"

When they cast up accounts after the election, some Tories were privately inclined to agree. They were committed to raise pensions, pay cash advances to farmers, bail out the provinces, and still reduce taxes and avoid deficit financing—a tall order. The new Minister of Finance, Donald Fleming, belying his reputation as a sobersides, had a wry joke with friends in the early weeks in office: "If I had known we were going to win, I'd have been a lot more careful what I said."

On the surface it did look as if they had talked themselves into a corner. The current budget forecast a \$150-million surplus, but a boost in civil service pay ate up \$110 millions of that. How could they do all these costly things for \$40 millions?

It would take that much to raise old age pensions from \$46 to \$50. Conservatives hadn't promised any stated amount, but a four-dollar increase is the least they can hope to get away with.

They didn't say how much they'd cut taxes, either, but the cut will be no help in a 1958 election unless it's big enough to be visible in an ordinary pay envelope. One popular way would be to raise the exemptions for income tax from \$1,000 and \$2,000 (for single and married) to \$1,200 and \$2,400. That would reduce the income tax take by \$195 millions.

Conservatives are also pledged to reduce, and would dearly like to abolish, the special excise tax on automobiles. That would lop off at least \$70 millions.

Cash advances on farm-stored grain wouldn't affect the budget. If prairie farmers have 135 million bushels on their hands this autumn, Fleming will need about \$100 millions to pay for it, but the cash won't have to come out of current revenue—these are loans, to be repaid when the grain is sold. He'll have

to find the money somehow, of course, but that's another and quite different problem.

What will affect the budget, and no mistake, is the extra money promised to provincial governments. How much it will be is anybody's guess, but it's sure to be plenty. Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario has been asking no less than \$100 millions more for Ontario alone, on a new formula that would split as much again among the other nine provinces. He may be willing to wait a bit, but Ottawa tax experts are afraid he will insist at least on getting an interim adjustment. They figure the inescapable minimum at \$30 millions for Ontario, \$30 millions for the rest of the country, plus \$20 millions in equalization payments to bring the poorer provinces up to Ontario's level of tax revenue per head—\$80 millions altogether.

Ontario demands more money because she is so rich. Maritime provinces demand more because they are so poor. Apparently in one campaign speech John Diefenbaker said something about an "Atlantic Provinces adjustment grant"—Ottawa has no text, but New Brunswick's Provincial Treasurer Don Patterson has the words written down in his notebook. The Ottawa brain trusters will haggle as bravely as they can, but they are resigned to paying about \$20 millions extra to the Atlantic region.

Add all these items and you get quite a tidy sum:

Old age pension	\$40 millions
Extra to provinces . .	\$100 millions
Income tax cut	\$195 millions
Auto tax cut	\$70 millions
Total \$405 millions	

Needless to say, Donald Fleming may not do all this exactly—he may put more into one item, less into another, drop some or add others. But the Conservative promises make it certain that he will have to do something pretty close to these things, at a cost pretty close to the same total. And according to the budget Walter Harris tabled last March, he'll have only \$40 millions, or less than ten per cent of what he needs, to do it with.

In fact, though, his plight is not as bad as all that. He can find the extra money if he wants to—the Liberals could have done the same if they hadn't de-

cided it was bad fiscal policy.

First of all, the surplus looks as if it will be higher than the \$150 millions estimated in March—it may run over \$200 millions. If it does, Fleming will have about \$100 millions left after giving the civil service its extra pay.

Secondly, two \$50-million items were paid into reserve funds—prudent financing, but not absolutely necessary. That could provide \$100 millions more.

Finally, the national income is still expanding. If it goes on growing at the normal rate, existing tax rates would bring in \$200 millions more next year than they will this year.

So it won't be impossible to find enough money for 1958-59 and still avoid showing a deficit. As for the interim budget of next November, Fleming can use a whole year's surplus to make tax cuts and new outlays in the final quarter of the year only. He shouldn't have too much trouble making them balance.

But that is only one, and not the biggest, of the problems facing the new Minister of Finance. A much trickier one is monetary policy—the so-called "tight money" situation.

The quiet and stubborn Coyne

The very phrase "tight money policy" must have been worth many thousands of votes to the Conservatives in June. It has such a mean, nasty sound. I met a taxi driver in Ottawa, toward the end of May, who assured me it was the fault of this policy that his customers had become so tight with their money—tips were meagre, and the government was to blame. If many people had the same notion, no wonder the Grits were beaten.

Actually, of course, "tight money" is not so much a policy as a condition. When the demand for capital exceeds the supply, as it has in Canada during the last two years, the cost of capital goes up, just like the price of eggs when eggs are scarce. The cost of capital is the interest rate, so interest rates have risen.

The so-called "tight money policy" did not create or impose this natural process on the Canadian people. But policy did come in as a negative thing—a decision not to interfere with the law of supply and demand. The Bank of Canada could have held interest rates down by buying government bonds from the chartered banks at par, and thus giving the banks

the extra cash they needed without letting the price of government bonds go down and the interest rate accordingly go up. This the Bank decided not to do, and the rise in interest rates followed.

In opposition, the Conservatives attacked this decision and held the Liberal government responsible for it. In fact, as they are now learning, it was not a government decision at all.

Under the law enacted by the last Conservative government in 1935, power over monetary policy rests with the governor and directors of the Bank of Canada. They are of course responsible to parliament, for parliament is sovereign. But the government of the day is not. It is bound by the law, which only parliament can amend.

The present governor of the Bank of Canada is a youngish, slender, handsome man named James B. Coyne. He is a very quiet fellow, but he is also very stubborn. Unbeknownst to their Conservative foes, the Liberals too had a try at getting him to relax the "tight money policy," but they didn't succeed.

Walter Harris, as Minister of Finance, was not happy about it.

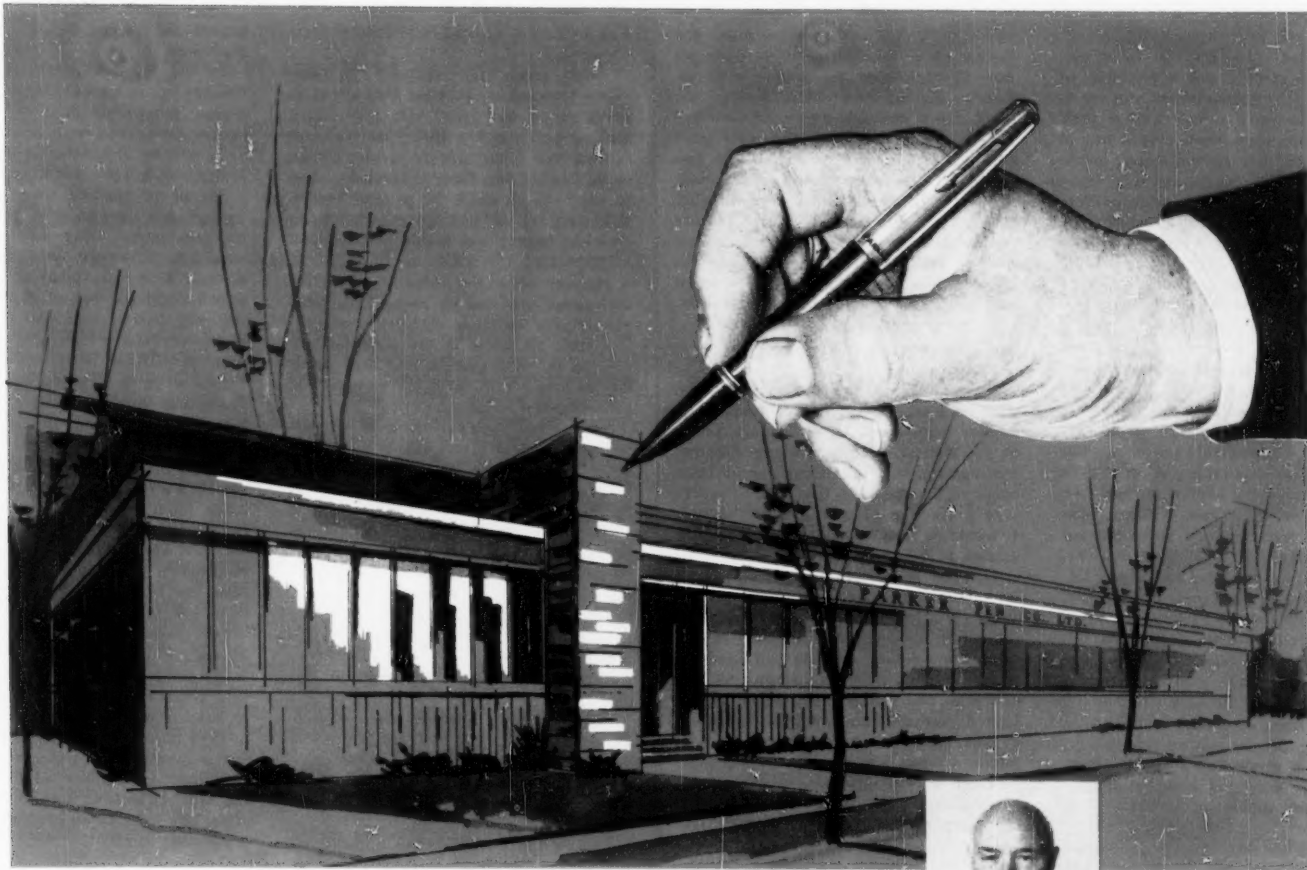
"There's something wrong in the system," he once said to an official of his department, "when these fellows across the street (pointing to the Bank of Canada) can defy an elected government."

But the fact seems to be that they can. The issue has not yet been fully joined between the Bank of Canada and the new Conservative government, but Ottawa's railbirds can see an interesting range of alternatives.

First, the Bank of Canada may give way to the mandate of the new regime, and act to bring interest rates down. People who know Jim Coyne think this unlikely.

Second, the governor of the Bank of Canada may stand absolutely firm on the letter of the law, and defy the government. Only an act of parliament could remove him. However, this might give the Conservatives just the issue they are seeking for a new and sudden election, so it too is regarded as improbable.

Third, the governor of the Bank of Canada might resign, and state his reasons for so doing. The government could then name another man whose opinions on monetary policy would be more to their liking. This would be a major challenge to the Conservatives on the whole issue of inflation, and they will



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certainly evade it if they can.

The likeliest solution of all, of course, is the good old Canadian principle of compromise. The government will try to get Coyne to move a little way in their direction while they move a little way in his, and hope that circumstances meanwhile may narrow the gap between them.

At the moment, though, circumstances seem more likely to do the opposite. A new tax-cutting, free-spending federal budget, though it will give the individual taxpayer more money to spend than he had before, will make the market for investment capital tighter than ever.

Why? Because the government itself will become a competitor for capital, for the first time since the war.

The big surpluses of recent years have been "over-taxation" in one sense, perhaps, but they haven't always meant that the government was taking in more than it was spending. Big capital projects like the St. Lawrence Seaway have been launched without, so far, any need for new borrowings by the federal treasury.

If the surplus is to be wiped out, Ottawa will have to raise some capital. The Seaway is using about \$100 millions this year, the Northern Ontario pipeline \$60 millions. Thus the demand for capital becomes greater than ever without, so far, any increase in the supply.

So if the Bank of Canada sticks to its guns, presumably the interest rate will go up more than ever. But if the Bank of Canada gives way and provides an increase in the supply of capital, what then?

Coyne and his men say the result will be inflation. That's why they have fought so hard against all suggestions that they move in and give new cash for the banks to lend. In principle they say it's exactly the same as printing new money, and will send prices up even faster than they're going up anyway.

Indeed, according to the economic doctrine on which Liberal governments operated since 1942, the whole Conservative program, which will add about half a billion dollars to the buying power of Canada without any creation of new goods, is practically a definition of inflation.

Conservatives have never accepted this definition. They say the people are quite capable of doing their own saving. They say the main cause of inflation is not so much spending by individuals as wasteful spending by the government itself.

Actually there is not much hope of massive savings in the civilian government departments. Their estimates are studied in Parliament item by item and the opposition has never suggested cutting a single dollar off them. If large sums are to be cut out of government expenditures they must come out of the defence program, which has run between a billion and a half and two billion a year for the past six years.

Conservative financial critics like Donald Fleming and J. M. MacDonnell have always believed this possible and still do. It is not so certain that General George Pearkes, late defence critic and now Defence Minister, holds the same view.

At a press conference in London after a quick visit to NATO headquarters Pearkes said he was now learning a great deal that he couldn't know when he was in opposition. "I can see," he admitted frankly, "that some of my criticisms were not valid."

But in fact his criticisms had been fairly mild. Of all the present cabinet, Pearkes would probably be least embarrassed by having his old speeches read back to him. He always thought Brooke Claxton did an admirable job of building

up Canada's armed forces after the Korean War began, and even from his seat in opposition he always said so. Pearkes has no intention of making any fundamental changes in Canadian defence policy. He was asked at the same press conference whether Canada would follow the British example and reduce manpower to concentrate on guided missiles. His answer was no. As for Canada's commitment to NATO overseas, an air division and an Army brigade, Pearkes has often said he considers this a necessary contribution that must be carried on.

The watchword is carry on

Where then will the massive savings be made in Canada's defence program? The answer to that will be settled, no doubt, in the cabinet chamber, where Fleming and Pearkes will lock horns like all ministers of Finance and Defence. Pearkes is a genial soul but a doughty fighter. It would be rash to count on many heavy slashes in a budget that he is defending.

Defence is not the only field where no major change of policy is expected. Prime Minister Diefenbaker has made it clear that there won't be any shift in foreign policy either. Canada will continue to support NATO, contribute to the Colombo plan, keep a contingent in the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East, refuse to recognize Communist China. The new Labor Minister, Michael Starr of Oshawa, says he found his department in excellent shape and has no plans for radical changes. The same goes for Howard Green in Public Works and Douglas Harkness in Northern Affairs. Broadly speaking their watchword will be "carry on."

In those cases nobody ever expected or demanded anything else. It is not so with all the things the new government inherited.

At one of the first cabinet meetings some routine matter came up involving the Trans-Canada Pipeline project. Prime Minister Diefenbaker fished in his pocket

and pulled out a sheaf of yellowing press clippings.

"Now about this pipeline," he said. "Here's something Howard Green had to say about it last year." He read out a sizzling paragraph or two. He went on around the table, not forgetting to include "something John Diefenbaker had to say." In all cases the general burden was that the project was damnable in root and branch and should be consigned to perdition.

He was of course merely pulling his colleagues' legs and his own. They were against the pipeline with all sincerity. But they all know it has gone too far now to be unscrambled, and they never did go along with the CCF demand for unconditional nationalization.

Some other ghosts of the past will not be so easily laid. One such is the Retail Price Maintenance Act passed by the Liberals against tooth-and-nail opposition by the Conservatives a few years ago.

The act forbids manufacturers to impose a fixed retail price. Merchants must be allowed to set their own profit mark-up and must not be penalized for so doing by having their supplies cut off.

Retail merchants were violently opposed to this law and the Conservatives worked very closely with them at the time.

Already Justice Minister Davie Fulton has heard from some of these comrades-in-arms. The burden of their message is always the same: "Now that you are in power when are you going to repeal the law?"

Though the Conservatives opposed it, now they're not at all sure they want to repeal the law. It has been in force for several years and its effects are no longer a matter of speculation. Do the Canadian people really want it repealed, or would they rather keep it? The government would like to find out before taking any precipitate action.

But these problems are trivial compared to others the incoming government finds on its doorstep. Of these grave and

urgent matters one of the gravest is employment.

In the first six months of this year Canada received 175,000 new immigrants; more than in any postwar year except 1951. The total for the whole of 1957 will be 250,000—the biggest immigration wave since 1913.

Before the election, when the Liberals took it for granted that they'd still be the government, they were looking toward next winter with considerable alarm. With that flood of immigrants, plus a slight leveling-off in the economy, they expected at least half a million unemployed by next February. They hadn't quite figured out what to do about it.

One thing they probably would have done, that the Conservatives will probably do too, is come to the aid of the housing industry.

Home building in Canada is far below the 1956 level. Unless energetic steps are taken fewer than 100,000 dwellings will be completed in 1957 compared to 125,000 last year. Only 50,000 houses are in progress right now and if nothing is done the figure for next January might be as low as 10,000.

One reason why the Liberals were slow in waking up to the housing situation is that home buyers haven't felt the pinch yet. When Robert Winters was in charge of housing as Minister of Reconstruction in 1948 he used to get three hundred letters a week from angry house-seekers. This year, as Minister of Public Works and still responsible for housing, he got about one letter in an ordinary week and often none at all.

Five up and five to go

This led some people to infer that the demand for housing has slackened off. They note, for instance, that the number of completed but unsold houses is higher than last year. But most of these unsold homes are in Toronto, priced at \$25,000 and up. Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, the government's agency in the home building field, can find no evidence of any drop in the demand for houses at \$16,000 and under.

Meanwhile the housing industry itself is in a condition approaching crisis. One Ottawa builder who put up fifty houses last year has put up five this year so far. With luck he may build another five but no more unless something is done.

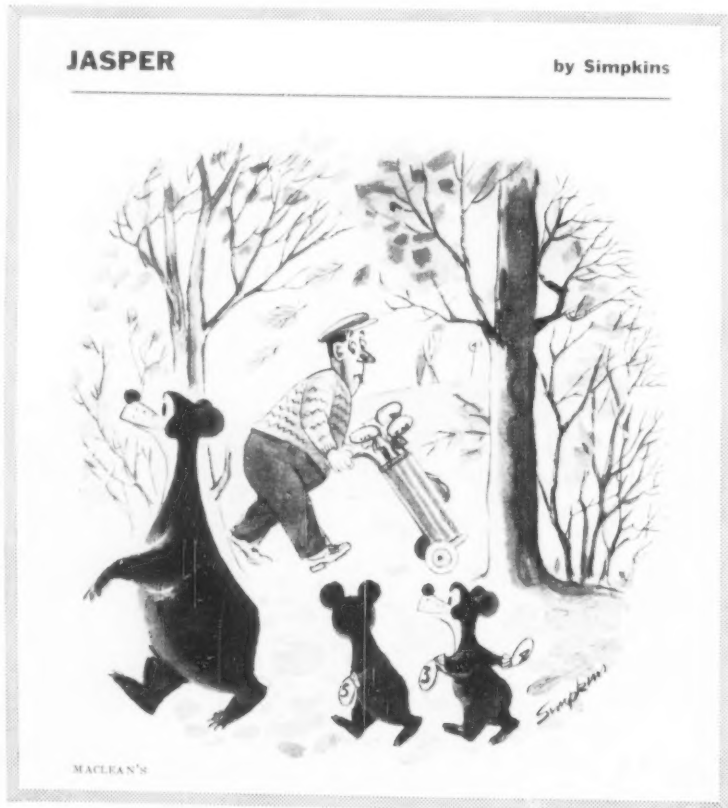
His trouble is that he can't get enough money from the banks to build more, and this is every builder's trouble. At a time when capital is scarce and borrowers plenty, banks and insurance companies naturally prefer to lend their money in the safest, surest, easiest market. Interest rates have gone so high that a good Ontario Bond pays 5.17%. Big commercial builders are willing to pay as much as 6.75% on big lump-sum loans. Small wonder the banks are not anxious to dole out small mortgages at only six percent.

Obviously the housing crisis leads back to our old friend, the "tight money policy." It is an effect of the scarcity of capital. To cure it the government will have to do something to make capital less scarce. No matter what the something is it is almost sure to be a step the economists would call inflationary.

Maybe this is the real issue of the last election and the next. The Liberals, by and large, have been taking this expert advice for the past twenty years. The Conservatives seem to be planning, by and large, to ignore it. The event will show who is right. ★

JASPER

by Simpkins





For the sake of argument continued from page 6

"Juries have done more to put humanity into the law and keep it safe than all the great judges"

tried and tested truth is exactly the opposite—justice is too important and too difficult to be left to specialized minds. Juries do, of course, bring in some bad verdicts. So do learned judges. Juries also bring in deliberately perverse verdicts, which learned judges seldom do. And the perverse verdicts of juries, compounded of common sense and sound human values, have done more to advance law and put humanity into the law and keep the law safe for ordinary people than all the wise judgments of great judges. Without the perversity and obstinacy of juries, we might still be hanging petty thieves. Juries know their times and the morals of their times and the people of their times. The juryman brings a fresh and natural mind into the formality and habit and convenience of the law.

I am not really afraid that we shall lose the jury system; it will outlast my time and, I hope, my children's time. But comparatively few criminal matters reach juries: the vast majority are settled in simple magistrates' courts, everyday working courts, where costs are slight, delays are few and the decisions are left to one man sitting alone. These lonely men have great powers; very many of them, in Canada, are laymen—often laymen of great experience in criminal-court work, but still laymen, not specialists.

It has become quite fashionable recently to attack these lay magistrates' courts. Lawyers pass resolutions at bar-association meetings; newspapers write thundering editorials; a few, very few, ordinary citizens raise objections to them. The criticisms are much the same as those made of the jury system—justice is too important, the law is too complex and difficult, to be entrusted to the minds of ordinary men. Let us therefore appoint only lawyer magistrates. Then the public conscience can sleep in peace, secure in the knowledge that its responsibilities are in the hands of specialists and experts.

A moment's thought shows what a dangerous fallacy this is. Just as soon as criminal law becomes too difficult to be understood and administered by the intelligent layman, it is far too difficult for the safety and liberty of the citizen. Criminal law is not now too difficult precisely because parliament always remembers, in framing it, that it is going to be handled largely by juries and lay magistrates. Remove this protection, permit parliament to legislate for minds with legal training, and within a very few years the ordinary citizen would find himself at the mercy of a system completely beyond his comprehension.

Fortunately, there are solid practical difficulties in the way of abolishing lay magistrates in most parts of Canada. The larger centres usually have lawyer magistrates already—good sound men who sit through full working hours and are paid respectable salaries, though usually much less than they could earn in private practice. The rural area and the small community is the usual domain of the lay magistrate. There he holds

court two or three times a week, or as often as needed. He combines the functions of summary-convictions magistrate, extended-jurisdiction magistrate, juvenile judge, family-court judge and often small-debts judge as well. He is available at all hours for bail, remands, complaints, search warrants and other semi-judicial duties. He usually finds himself father confessor and adviser to the considerable section of the community that is afraid of lawyers—and spends a good deal of his time overcoming those fears. And he is paid, if he is lucky, something like seventy-five cents an hour.

The usual proposal is that these anachronistic servants of the public, these dangerous nonspecialists, should be replaced by a system of traveling lawyer magistrates. The suggestion makes some superficial sense—enough, I am afraid, to ensure real risk of its eventual adoption, with considerable damage to Canadians generally and special damage to those relatively inarticulate people who now make use of the lay magistrate, in court and out of it.

To give anything approaching similar service, not one but several traveling

ANSWER TO Who is it? on page 32

Conn (for Constantine) Smythe, M.C. who built Maple Leaf Gardens in 1931 and, until this year, was president of the Toronto Maple Leaf Hockey Club.

courts would be needed: certainly a criminal court, a family court, a juvenile court and a small-debts court. Even with all these there would be serious delays and difficulties, and the traveling courts would have to be backed by some system of judicially emasculated, paper-signing local JPs, available for complaints, warrants, remands and other matters that permit no delay. It would be an expensive system. It might produce, at least temporarily, a better average of mechanical justice. But it would quickly remove justice, and all the machinery of justice, even farther than it already is from the understanding of the ordinary man. It would remove the last obligation the legislators have to be simple and clear in their law-making. And it would finally destroy one of the most precious conceptions of justice—that a man has a right to be judged by other men somewhat like himself, not by minds trained to think in specialized ways remote from everyday experience.

Ideally, justice, and criminal justice especially, should not call for any profound legal thinking. It should not be a matter of mysterious taboos and traditions that can be administered only by a special class like the witch doctors of primitive societies. In a civilized state it should be an affair of logic and good

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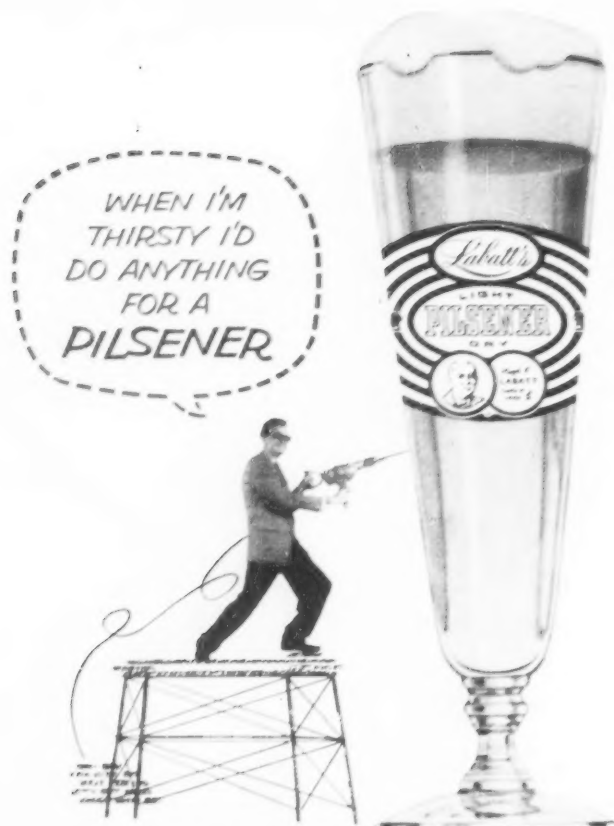
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THE WORLD OVER



sense. Designed to protect the individual from excesses by the state, the state from excesses by individuals.

A magistrate's essential duty is to stand impartially between the citizen and the police power of the state. It is his business to interpret and administer the social machine, as expressed in the written law, to individual cases. To do this reasonably well—and it can never be done perfectly—he needs patience, tolerance, humanity, moderate intelligence, fair education and a decent understanding of the nature of human beings and human society. In other words, he needs to be a good ordinary man, not a superman or a very common man or a specialized man.

Now there are plenty of lawyers with all these qualities in full measure, men who could rise above their specialization and do good work on the magistrate's bench. But none of them is free to give time to rural magistrate's work as it is today and very few could afford to take on circuit work at the relatively low salaries to be expected. There are many more laymen than lawyers with all the necessary qualities in full measure, men who quickly become sufficiently competent in law to do good work on the magistrate's bench; generally they have been willing to make themselves available in the smaller communities, in spite of the negligible financial returns and the often unpleasant nature of their duties. By doing so they provide and maintain the all-important balance of the lay mind in the law.

I do not want to suggest that all lay magistrates are good magistrates. Some are very good, most are quite good enough, a few are pretty bad. But I do want to suggest that the run of quality would not be so very different if all magistrates were lawyers; there would be a few very good ones, a great majority of average performers and a few pretty bad ones. The failures of lay magistrates are usually due to disregard or misunderstanding of the law. I believe that lawyer magistrates would be more likely to fail as men, if only because the choice among them would be so limited, and the weaker ones of those who were chosen would be too ready to seek refuge from humanity in the law.

One of the great difficulties facing any magistrate is that of maintaining his own innocence in the face of experience. All too quickly his court room, his procedure, the routine of cases before him, becomes familiar and normal. Without knowing it, he begins to think as the police, the prosecutor and the defense lawyer would like to have him think—as a machine of the law and not as a man. As his experience grows, as familiarity takes ever-stronger hold, he must remind himself that these surroundings, this procedure, all these conventional protections, are unnatural, totally unfamiliar, often grimly confusing to the man before him. He must constantly renew his patience and sympathy for the difficulties of the man accused. And if this is a difficult task for the layman, it must be doubly so for the specialist in law.

Local knowledge, which rural magistrates are likely to have, is a two-edged sword. During a trial a magistrate must guard himself against it in every possible way. But once the issue of guilt or innocence is decided it can become a very real help in setting a just and humane sentence. In juvenile- and family-court work, much of which is best done informally and not in court at all, local knowledge is invaluable. Local knowledge can be replaced or supplemented by reports of probation officers, social workers and child-guidance clinics; but even in provinces where these services are fairly

well developed they would have to be doubled or tripled to give traveling magistrates the same grasp of circumstances that a local man has naturally.

There is no doubt in my mind that the lay magistrate is an essential part of a sound judicial system and no doubt that this part is usually well played at extremely light cost to the state. But at the same time I believe that both federal and provincial governments could do a good deal to improve the system.

It is time, I am sure, to do away with the policeman prosecutor in all but sum-

Down to earth

I've always noticed that idealists
Are frowned upon and scorned by realists
As lacking push and dash.
But hailed as kindred souls who share
A sacred trust whenever their
Ideals pay off in cash.

P. J. BLACKWELL

many conviction matters, and so far as possible in these too. Policemen are generally fair and skillful prosecutors, but it is not good practice to use them for this; it offends the principle that justice must always be seen to have been done, and it deprives the court of legal assistance to which it is entitled.

Provincial governments, through their attorneys-general, appoint all magistrates. City authorities, naturally, have a major say in appointments within their own boundaries, but in unorganized areas provincial governments have sole authority. While most provinces have grown out of the old system of political appointees, I believe they are still too careless about appointments. They need to look for a proportion of younger men and they should go to greater lengths to make sure they have found the best available man in each area. They should establish a short course in criminal law and procedure for new magistrates. They should develop a system to keep magistrates informed of important decisions in higher courts and perhaps also of the run of sentences in other courts. They should also improve probation, penal and rehabilitation services—but that is another story.

The federal parliament should do what it failed to do at the last revision of the criminal code—abolish the antiquated costs system by which magistrates are paid (or, more usually, not paid). It should encourage all provincial governments to do the same and to make provision for decent payment on some more rational and respectable basis.

These are all relatively minor matters that would simply improve and strengthen an already sound system. But proper attention to them might do a good deal to attract younger and better men to the bench, while neglect of them is real failure in government.

There is plenty of room for both laymen and lawyers on the magistrate's bench. But there is no room in any country for a system that excludes the lay mind from its courts of law. Law is not a science, but a mixture of art, science and philosophy, with emphasis on the infinite variations of human behavior, human morality and social needs. It is the direct concern of every ordinary citizen in the land; and the ordinary citizen cannot afford to have himself ruled out of active participation. ★



Dr. Osmond's new deal for the insane continued from page 11

"Science-fiction should be taken more seriously. The nonsense of today is tomorrow's truth"

Re green stain. Letter from mother of recently discharged schizophrenic. Says that patient's perspiration stains the sheets light green. This is a mystery, perhaps worthy of investigation. Adrenochrome and adrenoleutin are also dyes.

Re predicting suicides. On the basis of existing data one can say that a married Irish Roman Catholic woman of twenty is sixty times less likely to commit suicide than a German, atheist lawyer in his sixties who has been divorced. Using large mass of existing data it should be possible to work out useful suicide predictions.

Re taboos. Dr. Nolan C. D. Lewis (Columbia University psychiatrist) told me about an African explorer faced with a serious problem on a safari. His bearers had eaten taboo food and were lying about, seriously ill, convinced that they would die. To those who were depressed, he gave apomorphine (an emetic); those with convulsions, he flogged. They recovered. Lewis decided to study this tribe and a millionaire friend agreed to underwrite the project. A minute before signing the cheque the millionaire died in his office.

Re the menace of "the practical, common-sense" man. In working out solutions to problems, these people are a menace; they'll be the death of us. They're nearly always wrong because their judgments are based on their own past experiences. If they're sixty years old—and many political leaders and executives are—these experiences are forty years old. But things are moving swiftly today; we need solutions based on what the world will be like forty years from now. Thus, the "practical man" is eighty years out of date. My grandfather was "a practical man." In 1892 he said, "Man can't travel sixty miles an hour and survive. The air would squeeze him to death." Science-fiction writers should be taken more seriously. The nonsense of today is the truth of tomorrow.

To Osmond, building huge impersonal hospitals is a tragic manifestation of the "practical man" at work. Most Canadian mental hospitals have thousands of patients. One or two hundred are crowded together in wards. They have no privacy. Unable to withdraw to a quiet spot when they want to, they withdraw psychologically. Shortage of staff means that they lack intimate, human contact with people who might help them. This impersonal mass living leads to social deterioration. "They've forgotten how to eat, dress and converse properly," says Osmond. "They're disqualified from living in the outside world."

Osmond believes in "sociopetal" mental hospitals—that is, hospitals that encourage personal relationships. The manner in which he evolved this new concept from an idea to working blueprint is characteristic of the way that he works.

It was Dr. D. G. McKerracher, chief of psychiatry, University of Saskatchewan, who began talking about the need for smaller hospitals. Osmond was fired

by the idea. He latched on to the concept of sociopetal design, and found the best examples of this to be the tepee, igloo and the Zulu kraal. "The occupants here meet in small, face-to-face groups," Osmond explains.

How much space does a patient need? Osmond searched the literature on the subject. He read the reports of animal psychologists who have studied the space needs of high-strung animals in zoos. The details of the hospital's interior were

dictated by the schizophrenic's concept of his surroundings.

"Time passes more slowly for the schizophrenic," says Osmond. "Thus, if he has to walk across a large room or down a long corridor, it appears to be



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"We spend millions on research of livestock, but less than a nickel per person on the human mind"

twice life size or more. That's probably why you see patients in cavernous hospital wards huddled against the walls. They're there for security. We feel the new hospital should be made up of small, well-defined spaces."

Other features were tailored to suit the schizophrenic's hypersensitive senses of touch, hearing and smell.

Osmond enumerated these principles to Joe Izumi, a young Regina architect. Izumi then designed a sociopetal hospital. One is now being built in the state of Pennsylvania; Saskatchewan hopes to start one in a few years. The hospital consists of one large building and a cluster of ten smaller circular buildings, each containing twenty-four private rooms, six feet by ten in size. They are furnished warmly like a bed-sitting room. To make the most efficient use of space, Osmond consulted the manufacturers of railway roomettes and compartments. Every four rooms lead to a common parlor, every two parlors to a larger lounge and the lounge areas to a large central day room. Thus, the patient can withdraw to the privacy of his own quarters or gradually become part of a twenty-four-person group.

The lighting, which Osmond worked out with William Trott, a Winnipeg engineer, becomes brighter as the patient moves from his own room to the central day area. "We're children of light," says Osmond. "This will encourage patients to move toward areas where there are other people." Each of the small buildings will have its own 200-300-bed hospital, food will be brought from a kitchen in the main building, which will also contain larger rooms for certain types of activities and recreation.

Asylums to "nice places"

Osmond is convinced that the sociopetal hospital will remove much of the stigma now attached to the mental patient. Since each community or region will have its own 200-300-bed hospital, it won't be necessary to whisk the patient away to a mysterious "lunatic asylum" several hundred miles away. The patient can thus keep in touch with family, friends and his own doctor, and he can return home for visits. Hospitals will be thrown open to the public who will get to know them as "nice places." Living in small groups, patients will have the chance to retain their social skills and have intimate contact with their doctors and nurses. In spite of these advantages, says Osmond, the sociopetal hospitals won't cost more than the conventional type.

I recently spent a week with Osmond at his hospital in Weyburn. While waiting for the Saskatchewan government to build sociopetal hospitals—which may come about in a few years—he and his staff are doing what they can to introduce some of the new features in their forty-year-old building. Everywhere there's evidence of change. The heavy awkward hospital furniture, for example, has been replaced by lightweight items made out of canvas, plywoods and aluminum. "The manufacturers at first refused to sell me this stuff for hospital use," says Osmond. "They said it wouldn't last for more than a day. They were wrong."

Osmond finds many virtues in light furniture. "If the hospital is equipped with heavy furniture, the patient gets used to banging into it; he knows nothing will happen. Then he goes home and

acts the same way, with the result that he's likely to do a lot of damage. He's lost his skill in living with ordinary furniture."

Damage to the light furniture has been negligible because, unlike heavy furniture, it's not broken by its own weight when toppled over.

To break up the huge wards and day rooms, portable "room dividers" are coming into use. This innovation enables patients to meet informally in groups of approximately seven. Walls, floors and ceilings have been painted in combinations of warm yellows, browns, greens, blues and pinks. Osmond has encouraged patients to decorate some of the rooms, then copied their color schemes in other parts of the hospital. "We've got a lot to learn from patients about the therapeutic use of color," he says.

Mirrors, flower pots and pictures adorn the wards. "They don't destroy them," says Osmond. "Patients realize they help make the place more comfortable." Mirrors seem to have a therapeutic effect. "Patients look at themselves frequently and are thus encouraged to improve their appearances."

To help patients recover their skill in eating, Osmond is abandoning the practice of limiting patients to a bowl and spoon, and is allowing them a complete table service. In some of the female wards there are stoves on which patients prepare snacks for themselves. "Some of the patients are learning how to cook after a lapse of fifteen years," says Osmond. "A woman who can't cook isn't much of an asset around a home."

Visiting between the sexes now goes on in some of the wards. "The women become coquettish; the men gallant," says Osmond. "It's a refreshing sight."

Carefully tutored by Osmond and his clinical director, Dr. Ian Clancey, every Weyburn employee now accepts the fact that his job is to help the patient get out of hospital as quickly as possible. This calls for the abolition of the "peon system," which exists in most mental hospitals. Under this old system the hospital depends on patients to carry on essential jobs. "This dooms a patient to hospital for life," says Osmond. "If he's well enough to hold a steady job in hospital, he should probably be out working for his living."

To make sure that a minimum amount of patient help is needed, Osmond encourages his staff to streamline their operations. Gib Emard, the superintendent of maintenance, for example, has acquired a floorwashing machine, which does the work of fifty human floorwashers. To help ex-patients fit into the community, Osmond has six social workers and soon hopes to increase the number to twenty-five. "Social workers are money savers," he says, pointing out that one social worker, working half time, was able to rehabilitate thirty-two chronic patients—a direct saving to the hospital of \$73,600.

But Osmond concerns himself with more than rehabilitation; he devotes what "spare" time he can find to searching for the causes and cures of mental illness. He's the most articulate member of the Saskatchewan Committee for Schizophrenia Research whose members include Drs. Abram Hoffer, D. G. McKerracher, F. S. Lawson, Duncan Blewett, Maurice Demay, Charles McArthur and Dean Wendall Macleod. There are two main theories about the cause of schizophrenia, the most serious of all mental illnesses, which afflicts about half

the patients in mental hospitals. The first is that the patient withdraws into a dream world because he can't cope with the pressure of living. The second theory is that the body, because of malfunctioning, produces small quantities of a substance "X," which poisons the system. Other theories incorporate both these approaches. Osmond takes his stand with those who believe that the causes of mental disease are primarily physical, not mental.

At the moment the hottest clue the committee has as to the cause of schizophrenia is a light, yellowish-green substance known as adrenoleutin. It is related to adrenalin, the hormone excreted by the adrenal glands. "We can show that in the schizophrenic, adrenalin turns into adrenoleutin more quickly and in larger quantities," says Abram Hoffer, head of the committee.

Both Hoffer and Osmond have taken adrenoleutin and it produced marked personality changes. The condition lasts up to two weeks and resembles the clinical picture of the somewhat orderly, chronic schizophrenic. Osmond, who is usually talkative, remained silent even when with his closest friends. He wrangled with members of his hospital staff. He suffered mild hallucinations. Hoffer became jittery, irritable and indecisive. It once took him twenty minutes to make

answer when asked what the trouble was.

In less dramatic fashion Osmond and the schizophrenia research committee have conducted numerous experiments with LSD, the drug that turns a normal person into a schizophrenic-like psychotic for twelve hours. And they're studying a new drug, LSM—a relative of LSD—which produces the same effects though lasting only an hour or two. It's planned to administer the drug to groups of normal healthy volunteers to learn something about the group life of schizophrenics. "LSM may give them a kind of extrasensory perception—the ability to communicate feeling without words," says Osmond. "This seems to be happening all the time in our wards."

The search for substance "X"

A variety of additional projects are under way. Elderly patients are now taking their food with a sprinkling of glutamic acid and niacin; these substances appear to increase their mental alertness and sociability. Further experiments are under way with niacin; the results seem to be encouraging in the treatment of schizophrenia, arthritis and heart disease. Virtually every cell of the schizophrenic's body is being searched for the mysterious substance "X," which causes his illness—his blood cells, blood serum, spinal fluid and how his reactions to a variety of drugs differ from those of the normal person.

Osmond and his colleagues believe that out of such research will ultimately come the pill that will prevent and/or cure mental illness. They deplore the fact that psychiatric research is being held up by a combination of public apathy and government penury. "We spend millions on the health research of livestock but we're spending less than a nickel per person on research of the human mind," says Osmond.

He's critical of federal research grants, which are made on a yearly basis, with an unofficial guarantee of continuation for three years. "You can't assemble a research team or guarantee results in such a short time," he says. "The committee operates on an annual budget of \$141,000 with \$70,000 coming from the federal government, \$35,000 from the province, \$35,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation and \$1,000 from the Canadian Mental Health Association."

Regardless of the difficulties, Osmond wouldn't contemplate any career other than psychiatric research. But he didn't plan to spend his life that way. Born in Surrey, England, in 1917, he graduated from secondary school at eighteen determined to become a banker. He fainted while being interviewed for a job by a bank official. "My guardian angel must have been watching over me," he says. He went to work for an architect, an experience that is proving valuable in the planning of the sociopetal hospitals. Encouraged by his father, he went to the Guy's Hospital medical school, London and entered the Royal Navy as a surgeon-lieutenant when he graduated in 1942. After sailing in several convoys, he took a special course and became a navy psychiatrist.

Osmond's most unforgettable patient during this period was a burly sailor who confessed that he had recently murdered a cab driver in London. "This posed a very knotty ethical problem," says Osmond. He finally got in touch with Scotland Yard who confirmed the murder and informed him that two other men



OSMOND'S FAMILY—wife Jane and daughter Helen—share home with Chihuahuas, Siamese cats and a budgie.

up his mind whether to have coffee or tea after his dinner. He refused to talk to his wife or children. He was so depressed that he would sit brooding in his office all day, wondering whether or not to quit his job. Once, he imagined he was being followed in his car by police officers. Like real schizophrenics, both Hoffer and Osmond became extremely secretive under the effects of adrenoleutin; they refused to reveal their inner sensations until long after the effect had worn off.

Osmond has made a solemn pact with his wife Jane that he will always tell her when he's about to test a new drug. This agreement was the upshot of an experiment that Osmond made a year ago at home. One evening, after supper, he secretly inhaled vapors of adrenoleutin. Osmond's seven-year-old daughter Helen was disturbed because her usually friendly father would have nothing to do with her. Jane was also frightened; her husband spent the entire night walking about, behaving strangely and at times, doubled up with pain. He refused to an-

had just been hanged for the crime. They had gone to the gallows protesting that they knew nothing about the cabbie's death. However, there was indisputable proof that these same two men had murdered another person only a short time before. "That made me feel a little better," says Osmond. Following his discharge from the navy in 1947, Osmond resumed his studies in psychiatry and married Jane Roffey, a strikingly attractive London nurse.

By 1951, Osmond was first assistant in psychiatry at St. George's Hospital, London. There he met John Smythies and the two young doctors had a burning desire to get into psychiatric research. They had just started planning a few projects when Jane Osmond noticed an advertisement in the London Times, which stated that the Saskatchewan government wanted psychiatrists. Once assured that there would be research opportunities, Osmond came to Canada in 1951 with his wife and daughter.

When not in his hospital, laboratory or en route to a psychiatric conference, Osmond can be found in his comfortable two-story house on the hospital grounds. His wife Jane quietly reigns over the household, which consists of—besides daughter Helen—three Chihuahua dogs, an undetermined number of alley and Siamese cats, a hypermanic budgie bird and thousands of records and books. The library reflects Osmond's wide range of interests—everything from fifteenth century witchcraft and Zen Buddhism to science-fiction. Osmond is a devotee of the latter, explaining, "The nonsense of today is the truth of tomorrow."

When not talking to visitors, Osmond sits in his easy chair, writing. To date he has outlined some two hundred short stories, plays and novels. The themes are off-beat: the schizophrenic is the new species of man evolved by gene mutation; in future, present-day "normals" will be a rarity. Another plot describes how a colored race in Africa discovers a superlethal spray that kills whites but is harmless to colored people. A colored representative goes to the United States, asking why it shouldn't be used.

Osmond also carries on heavy correspondence with people all over the world. His letters to and from Aldous Huxley—which he keeps filed—would fill several books. For amusement of a semi-serious sort he has carefully analyzed the personalities of his three dogs. "Whiskey, the second dog," he explains, "is always currying favor. This is caused by a basic insecurity. When we got him, Brandy, the first dog, was already firmly entrenched in our affections."

Since his passion for psychiatric research is indulged, Osmond is quite content to remain in Saskatchewan and has ignored invitations from several large American psychiatric centres. While the Saskatchewan Committee for Schizophrenic Research is unusually poor in facilities and cash, he says, it is unusually rich in creativity, initiative and morale. Out of this amalgam may come, some day, "the pill to cure insanity."

"Diabetes, leprosy and TB were hopelessly incurable fifty years ago," says Osmond. "Now they're under control. The same thing is about to happen in mental illness." ★



I made friends with my burglar

Continued from page 15

"Beyond doubt this stranger was going to take my life. My regret swiftly changed to rage"

His eyes were blue and they stared down at me like two persistent, unbelievable lights. The calm recording part of me tallied up the facts. It could not be happening and yet it was. This stranger was going to take my life. There was no doubt. There was a swift hot rush of regret, replaced as swiftly by rage that overcame the panic and insisted I do something. I struggled to get out of the tub.

There is no memory of movement by the man, but suddenly he was gone. Uncontrolled and apparently uncontrollable screaming still bounced from the walls. Beyond the window there were intermittent voices and apartments were lighting up as other tenants hurried to find the cause of the commotion. I found myself out of the tub and the bathroom, standing for what seemed an endless moment by the door of the apartment, and considering—idiotically—the next move. I decided to scream again.

The superintendent's voice shocked me into silence. When I opened the door to explain he appeared understandably puzzled by the contrast between the disheveled, apologetic woman facing him and the wild screams he had heard seconds earlier. His questions about a possible nightmare were simple to answer; I put my hand against the bump, swelling now to egg size, on the side of my head.

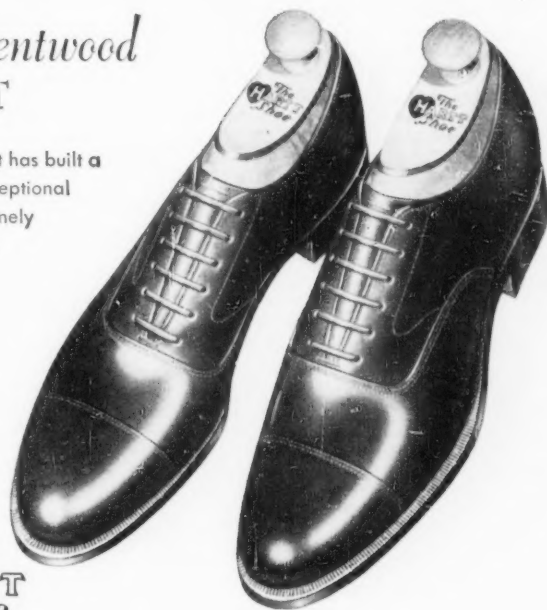
Someone in the building had called the police and minutes later my apartment seemed to bulge with them. They grouped around me recording the details carefully. I offered a description: medium height, slender, blond, blue eyes. Very blue eyes. Age? Perhaps twenty. No, I didn't know how long he had been in the apartment. No, there had been no conversation between us. Our meeting had all the characteristics of an explosion, but the noise had come solely from me. No, there had been no criminal assault. No, I did not recognize him. No, I didn't think he was an irate boyfriend. Struggling against a spurt of renewed hysteria I suggested that, as an advertising-agency employee, I might be in more danger from an irate client. The suspicious stare choked off the attempt at humor.

Another policeman hurried into the room. They had picked up a newsboy answering the description. He had no alibi. Would they bring him in for identification? One of the men caught my shudder and suggested they take me to headquarters.

At the station we drove into a back lane, while a second car pulled up into a garage. A blond youth was motioned from the second car under a bright light and from the depths of our car I peered at him across a distance that seemed end-

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less. The two detectives waited.

"That the one?" one prompted.

The boy slouched in exaggerated nonchalance. He was short and slight and he looked blindly into the darkness beyond the circle of light. He had no alibi and obviously he was on the police suspect list. I shrugged helplessly. Another youth was pulled under the light. This one was bigger, more defiant, smiling as he held up his head to the light. The first had seemed too small, this one was too big. The detectives exchanged a look and with defiance that might have seemed strange under the circumstances, I asked if this kind of identification weren't surprisingly unfair. It was reasonable to assume that I would be in a state of shock, which might prompt me to be either too cautious or too eager. The men matched my shrug and motioned me into the building.

This was the weapon

Inside the station a policewoman gave me a cup of coffee and an aspirin. Two policemen eyed me curiously. Another asked if I'd like a doctor, reminding me that they were responsible should I drop dead on the premises. I accepted the coffee and aspirin, refused the doctor—with apologies for the trouble I'd cause if I dropped dead—and felt another surge of defiance. The bump was growing nicely, but there was no particular pain and the shaking had settled into spasmodic quivers.

Twenty minutes later I was ushered into a brightly lit room on the second floor. The headquarters men began a second interrogation, one carefully typing my statement, while the other watched me as he checked the description, probed for forgotten details, insisted that I relive the experience.

When the statement was complete a detective held out my kitchen towel and one of my book ends for identification. The towel had been found in the courtyard beyond my apartment. Staring at it in the reassuring light of the station office, I recognized it as the covering which had hidden the lower half of the man's face. The book end, found on the floor beneath the window through which, presumably, the intruder had escaped, was obviously the weapon. I studied it. It was made of iron. Either I had the hardest skull in Canada, or sheer luck had brought it down on an area that resulted in a bump and not death.

That day brought the first fragments of new awareness. The newspaper accounts claimed I had been thrown into the tub. Friends reported that radio newscasts contained similar accounts. It made a good story, but it was not true. Strangely enough, I found myself wondering how my prowler had reacted to the reports. In retrospect I could admit to myself that the hard, flat stare I had met in those screaming seconds had been a look of fear and panic, not viciousness.

The days were consumed by inquiries, police visits, sedatives and high-pitched tension. The doctor assured me that I suffered from no more than a bump on my head, some bruises and a network of fragile and outraged nerve ends. He added that my instinctive head twist might have saved my life. If I had been struck on the back of the head the blow could have killed me. The thought was singularly sobering. Later it became even more significant.

At three-fifteen on the morning of the third day my apartment buzzer sounded. When, mentally, I had scraped myself off the ceiling and opened the door, two plainclothesmen strode in to tell me that the prowler had been caught. He was

My most memorable meal: No. 28

Hugh Garner

tells about



A Spanish omelet I bought with soap

I ate my most memorable meal during the Spanish Civil War. With two other patients from the Gota de Leche (Drop of Milk) Hospital in Albacete, the headquarters of the International Brigades, I was sauntering along a side street one hot afternoon in the summer of 1937.

Suddenly, from a dark doorway leading to a steep flight of basement stairs, we heard English voices.

"Let's find out what this is," I said to my companions, a big Jewish-American from Philadelphia and an Irish kid called Cox.

At the bottom of the stairs we found ourselves in a cool, stone-walled vault right out of the Arabian Nights. Around the walls were ranged large clay wine vats, big enough to hold the Forty Thieves. I christened it "Ali Baba's" on the spot.

One of the tables was occupied by a Cuban Negro from our battalion, and two Englishmen. We sat down around an empty table, and were soon approached by a large Spanish woman who asked us what we would have. In our less-than-adequate Spanish we ordered three omelets.

The woman went into a long explanation, which we couldn't understand. We each pulled out wads of paper money and, pointing at it, said, "Mucho dinero! See, mucho dinero!"

She shook her head with the amused exasperation of a native speaking to an ignorant foreigner. Then she made hand-wringing motions, which we found as impossible to translate as her words. After

a few abortive minutes of this, the Negro at the other table shouted over, "She wants soap, comrades. She says she'll give you the best omelets in the house in exchange for some soap."

Soap! It had never occurred to us that soap was worth more than money to the civilians of wartime Spain. "Tell her I'll get her some," I shouted to our interpreter.

I made a quick trip to the hospital and returned with a small paper bag stuffed with all the soap I could beg, borrow and steal. Most of it was secondhand but still serviceable.

When I handed it to our hostess, she almost danced a heavy-footed flamenco back to her kitchen. Soon she returned to our table, carrying three plates, a large jug of wine and a round, hard-crusted loaf of bread we called a "cannon ball."

When I broke through the succulent yellow casing of the omelet, I found it filled with steaming tomatoes, peppers and mushrooms. I attacked it gluttonously, separating each mouthful with a bite of bread, and washing it down with gulps of vino blanco.

We made the mistake of telling the other patients in our ward about our discovery of Ali Baba's, and everyone who could walk and carry soap began going there. I believe I went there twice after that, but soon the civilian soap famine had spread to the military hospitals. After once tasting Señora Ali Baba's omelets it was a real sacrifice to return to the mule meat and chick-peas at the front, even though we had enough soap there to wash and shave with.

HUGH GARNER IS A CANADIAN NOVELIST AND SHORT-STORY WRITER.

picked up as he walked along a city street, carrying a radio he could not explain. He had confessed. They knew I had not been sleeping and decided I would feel better if I knew he was behind bars. They could not know, of course, that my terror had taken on an unreasonable shape now. For the first time in my life I knew physical fear.

My question that night was a casual one, asked as I measured coffee for the two policemen. How old was he? When the answer—sixteen—came, I remember pausing and glancing at them. They shook their heads at my look.

"Don't feel sorry for him," one said as he leaned against my refrigerator. "He's incorrigible. Been up on two car-theft charges. Spent time at Brampton Training Center and he was on probation

when he came in here."

There had been no evidence, yet, to connect this young man with the crime. The fingerprints had been blurred and my identification would be uncertain. I asked why he had confessed. The men shrugged. Then they gave me his description. This young man had hazel eyes. Emphatically I insisted there had been a mistake. My prowler had brilliant blue eyes.

"There's no mistake," they said. "Forget him and get back to normal."

The next morning headquarters telephoned to report the capture officially. He would appear before the magistrate later that morning. At four o'clock I telephoned for a report. The young man had been remanded for sentence for a week. Because he was sixteen, he had appear-

ed in adults' court. Yet there had been no lawyer to represent him. When I asked the reason, the sergeant sounded puzzled: he had not asked for a lawyer. Had he known he was entitled to one? The sergeant didn't know. It seemed to reverse the law. I asked to have his statement read to me and then I asked the name of the lawyer who had defended him on the previous charges. On an impulse I telephoned the lawyer. I still had a feeling that this was the wrong man and the speed with which he was being condemned was alarming.

The lawyer sounded discouraged and the story he told me was not unusual. David's father had died a year before, after an illness of over eight years, and his mother was left to cope with the bewildering behavior of her only child. David—that isn't his right name—held jobs for limited periods. His problem did not appear to spring from any routine source. There is nothing so poignant about David's story that everything may be forgiven him on the basis of human tragedy. Money was not abundant, but it was not desperately scarce either. David's mother had told the lawyer about the latest incident that afternoon, and he had telephoned the police as a favor. "The boy's incorrigible," the lawyer told me. "His mother has done everything she could."

He had tried, he said, on previous occasions, to "get through" to David, but he had met only an intangible wall. David was quiet and submissive, apparently incapable of the spirit and strength required to overcome the problems of living. Yet he had chosen to bring an iron book end down on my head. He had been frightened, but his fear had taken a form opposite to submission.

Hazel eyes turn blue

I thought of a young man confronted by the bewildering pattern of his own behavior and its consequences. Doesn't anger come from fear, and fear from the feeling of being unloved or unlovable? Slowly, from the midst of these impressions, there seemed a new simple perspective. Within me still was doubt that this was the right man, but there was a growing feeling that it did not really matter. A sixteen-year-old was facing a reaction of society based on such influences as newspaper accounts, and apathy. He was still vulnerable to the attitudes of a society to which he, like every young person, must want to belong. He had stolen a car and had served a period of time at Brampton. If he had deliberately broken into an apartment and assaulted its sole occupant, under the conditions of probation, he was taking a big chance. I tried to understand why a boy of his age would take that gamble.

The conversation with the lawyer did not indicate that there had been a mistaken identification, but he suggested that I contact the welfare worker. Her report confirmed David's guilt. Hazel eyes, she reminded me, turned blue under certain lights and David had admitted the crime freely to her.

"I'm afraid that this is the boy," she said with genuine regret. "He seems quite incorrigible. Unfortunately there isn't much you can do under the circumstances."

By this time I was involved with a life that had crashed into mine; now David was two people to me. One was the terrifying figure who had come out of limbo to threaten my life. The other was a sixteen-year-old in bad trouble. There was, too, a dash of Scottish stubbornness in me. I knew that no one is born bad or vicious and too many people

were labeling David incorrigible.

Now I found myself persuading the lawyer to represent him. We discussed possible psychiatric examination. There was no question of David's sanity, but it seemed reasonable to hunt for emotional disturbance, since psychiatrists insist there is an emotional reason for every unreasonable act. The magistrate granted the request and David was remanded for a second week.

During that week a number of things happened to strengthen my uneasiness—not only about David, but about all young people in trouble with the law. From the welfare worker I had gone to the priest at Don Jail, a man of judgment, humor, patience and vision. He said to me, "There is so much we need. Most urgently we need the support and understanding of the public." I didn't fully appreciate, then, the meaning of the statement.

Slowly I accumulated pieces of David's life. He had tried to work. One job ended abruptly, that of busboy in an exclusive Toronto club, at noon of the day he began work. They had discovered his previous record. There had been other experiences in his hunt for jobs and, too, he was living under the list of don'ts set up under probation regulations. These are all understandable and justifiable to adults. But they are further pressure on the young, and additional evidence to them of society's continuing suspicion and hostility.

A youth released from Brampton must not fraternize with fellow students who have been similarly released or are on probation. This is a reasonable ruling, yet in many cases they are the only friends with whom he feels kinship. There is, as well, fierce loyalty, which has a core of defiance, between youths who have an identifying bond. Then too, there are no rehabilitation centres for these boys in Toronto. If a boy has no family and no friends, aside from former Brampton associates, there is apt to be an explosion of defiance or loneliness. Again, on parole he must be in his room by eleven o'clock. On probation the time is also set down by regulations. And at all times he is subject to unexpected calls or visits from his probation officer. These, I found, were some of the pressures that had borne on David.

So, during the week, I telephoned the Toronto Psychiatric Clinic for information on the psychiatrists at Don Jail. I was told there were two; one was not certified. My growing interest and uneasiness prompted a call to one of the psychiatrists. He had spent an hour with David. In order to reach a reasonable conclusion, the Toronto Psychiatric Clinic and the Ontario Mental Home require interviews over periods of from thirty to sixty days. The Don Jail psychiatrist said he had received no response from David. I asked his conclusion.

"Sane," he said promptly.

The request had been for an investigation of a possible emotional disturbance, but the psychiatrist was operating under the law, which seeks to establish legal sanity, that is, could he be held accountable for his action, and could he distinguish between right and wrong? There is no legal concern with emotional disturbances.

That Friday David was again brought to court. He was sentenced to eight

months at an Ontario reformatory.

The following week I visited him at Don Jail. I had not attended the trial and, at first, the idea of meeting him had been frightening. But now there were too many impressions in my mind, too many bits and pieces, too much uneasiness. I wanted to meet him.

The governor of Don Jail generously permitted our interview to take place in his office. My chair was parallel with the door and, as David entered, I caught a glimpse of blue. For an instant I froze in terror—remembering the similar

glimpse a second before the book end crashed on my head. The governor motioned him to a chair.

"Do you recognize this woman?" the governor asked.

I heard a quiet, "Yes, sir." I looked up, and the terror left. A tall, thin, pale young man was gazing steadfastly at the floor. This, then, was the silent sixteen-year-old who had selected his weapon and, ignoring the possibility of escape, had waited in the dark and followed me into the bathroom.

The governor explained my presence

and I winced for David as he emphasized my "kindness." I thought that if I were David I would hate me, and the thought led to a question. How much had he hated me in the moment of attack?

As the governor continued, embarrassment for David and for myself accumulated and I realized, with some bewilderment, that I felt strangely an ally of this silent young man. I was listening with his ears to the flow of words, watching the governor and myself with his eyes, and even summoning from the past my own youthful fears and rebellions. I was

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interpreting all this as David might himself.

The governor was authority, spotlighting guilt and underlining deficiencies. I thought of other days when I had stood, shamefaced, before the authority of parents or teachers, confronted by my own misdeeds. It was, it seemed, a matter of degree—the degree of wrong-doing and perhaps, too, the degree of damage. David had been termed a problem child. Replace the word "problem" with "unhappy," and many things are thrown into new perspective.

David slid down in the chair. The governor glanced at me, suggested that I forget he was there, and turned back to his desk. For a moment I was caught in apprehension. By confronting David I was accepting a responsibility without knowing if I could discharge it.

I could hear my voice saying, "David, you'll have to look at me. I know it's hard. I had the same problem." Obediently he lifted his eyes. They were hazel now, but familiar in their quiet watchfulness.

"Why did you hit me?" The question slid out. He answered simply.

"I was scared."

When I murmured, out of memory, "So was I," he nodded. "I know," he said. "I'm terribly sorry."

The silence moved in again. Outside a September rain pelted against the window. David looked back at the floor. There was no sense of violence in him and no sense, either, of communication with him. The comments of the lawyer, the welfare worker, the psychiatrist—even the priest—returned. "There is no response." Yet I wondered to what David was expected to respond. He had retreated from something and now he seemed locked in another kind of prison, fashioned by himself or by others. The eyes were detached, the young face impassive, the voice gentle and controlled.

"I'm no good"

"David?" I tried again. His eyes answered. "I've talked with a lot of people about you. Apparently some have tried to help. What's the problem?" It was a foolish question. It would take trained, skilled people a long time to dig out the answer, but what he said was revealing.

"I'm no good," he replied with almost casual acceptance of the idea.

The governor interrupted and, much as I respected him, his comments strengthened the sympathy that was growing in me for David. He reminded David that he was a failure, even as a criminal. He suggested that David was capable only of striking women. The boy tightened his mouth and sat silent. He was not sullen; the governor's words merely echoed his own belief; David, in his own eyes, was no good. So it seemed to me.

Uneasily I tried to tell David that I was not a lady bountiful or a professional do-gooder. If I could help, I wanted to try. Hesitantly I suggested that if he could use my friendship, I would like to offer it.

David glanced unsmilingly at me. "I want it," he said. The glance was honest and accepting. He admitted many people had tried to help him; he said his mother was "the best" and he had no plans for the future. Finally, as he passed to leave the room, my voice halted him and when I held out my hand, there was the first, faint smile.

A few days after this visit I received a letter from David. He thanked me for coming, apologized for his shyness and promised he would "do or say anything you want when you come to see me, or

if you don't, when I get out." When I telephoned Don Jail, I was told David had been transferred that morning. I was also told there had been a change in his sentence. There had been two remands for sentence, one at the request of the court, the other requested by David's lawyer. The purpose of the court remand is to check records. Yet two weeks after the original remand and sentence, the charge of breach of probation was added. He was now sentenced to fourteen months.

As a second offender David could not be sent back to Brampton. He had been transferred to the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph. At Brampton he had been taught bricklaying by an institution said to be unique in its freedom and approach to rehabilitation. This time he would be under far stricter discipline.

In my first letter to Guelph I told David I would like to know him, and suggested we forget the circumstances of our meeting. His reply offered facts without embellishment. He liked painting, dancing, music and writing. He apologized, again told me he would "never forget it," and asked me to write again.

In letters he did not, at first, go beyond facts. Later he told me he had intended "going back to crime" when he got out, but my letters made him think someone was worried about him. However, he doubted if anyone would give him a third chance. When I was slow in replying to another letter, he asked if I were mad at him. Shortly after Christmas I received a brief note. His mother had remarried. There was no comment and when I asked his reaction, the answer was typical: "If Mom is happy, that's all that matters."

The letters relaxed over the months. Now, gradually, something of the feelings within David are creeping into them. Similarly within me the initial feeling of sympathy has deepened into an appreciation of him as a person.

I listen now through David's ears to ignorance, indifference, and distortion of the facts that apply to emotionally insecure youngsters. In Vancouver last autumn, the publicity man for a welfare organization explained plans to establish rehabilitation centres for emotionally disturbed or troubled young people. He suggested I keep David's letters.

"Some day," he said, "they will contribute to the proof that everyone has one essential need, to have one person who unconditionally supports him." Welfare workers point wearily to countless cases who should and could be helped if facilities and people were available.

My first visit to Guelph took place a few months after the day I met David. Under reformatory regulations, only one visitor a week is permitted and I had not

wanted to interfere with visits by David's mother.

The grey building is surrounded, ironically, by parkland. You walk down a corridor to a barred door and beyond is the visiting room, called the control tower. The place suggests a recreation centre until you notice the uniformed guards, the armed guard at the entrance, the barred windows and the reformatory clothing.

A huge door swung open and a group of young men walked to the far end of the room to be searched for contraband. Then, with a smile that was astonishingly radiant, David came to me. There was a swift rush of affection for him, which, momentarily, surprised me. Then I remembered someone's comment that awareness of the reason for anything removes the barriers. David had put himself in his letters and that self was intelligent, perceptive and endearing. If he felt any strangeness, he did not show it. We talked of his activities at Guelph and of his eventual release.

"I won't let you down"

At one point he said abruptly, "I hope I won't let you down." The doubt about himself was still there. He said, too, that his first days at Guelph had been spent sitting on the edge of his cot, staring at the bars. Then he decided that was wrong. He talked of the difficulties of writing letters to his family and friends—the bars on the windows hampered natural communication. He had been making car-markers during the early weeks of his time at Guelph—another of the many "industries" of the reformatory. Now he was working in the laundry. He asked hesitantly and doubtfully about a job when he is released.

When the half hour was up, his name was called. David stood up. "That's us," he said. "I'll take you to the desk."

As we walked across the long, crowded room, I thought back to the day in Don Jail, to the comments, the label "incorrigible," and I looked at David. He did not require, that day, any command to stand up straight. He looked like a normal sixteen-year-old, whose sole concern was the ball game tomorrow, the exam next week, the beckoning, unmarried future. He smiled and waved as he joined the group—waiting again to be searched before they were returned to their cells.

In his last letter David asked if I had a camera and, if it were possible, would I take pictures of "the outside" and send them in? He said, "If I get another chance, I'll prove to them and I won't let you down." When I received that letter, eight months after our first meeting, I realized perhaps for the first time how much David has given me. I now have the knowledge, at once alarming and incredible, of a gap in our social system; I have a sense of being returned to an earlier time in my own life and remembering how it was.

It is possible, of course, that in three years—or in one—David will be back at Guelph. I do not believe that will happen. If it should, the responsibility will not be solely David's. He knows, as I do, that it will not be easy. He will meet, as I have, the curious resistance among a segment of our society to any attempt at understanding youthful offenders. He will meet the same attitudes I have, varying from instinctive understanding and alliance to lifted eyebrows and vehement condemnation.

David now has his chance to "prove to them." It may be harder than he knows. He needs all the help he can get. ★



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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Curious case of the lake-swimming grandmas



Like our grandma, Mrs. Rosita Tanner tackled Lake Ontario.

Well, no sooner did we buy John Clare's amusing satire, *The Night Grandma Swam the Lake*, than darned if it didn't happen in real life. Except Clare's grandma made it (as you'll discover by turning to page 16) while the real grandma, Mrs. Rosita Tanner, aged 44, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., was taken out of the water after having swum a distance of twenty miles in about eighteen hours.

This, it develops, was Mrs. Tanner's third try. She tried twice last year, without success, but this time succeeded in doubling her distance, perhaps as a result of three months of solid training in Lake Superior.

At the end of her attempt, Mrs. Tanner was gasping for breath but she gamely fought off her handlers, in the best tradition of lake swimmers, and vainly attempted to keep going. Hers was the first attempt of the season to swim Lake Ontario—but not by any means the last.



Grandma Tanner rests during her third cross-lake try, but had to be taken out after 20 miles. Our grandma made it—it's easier on paper.

Our Mr. Clare's version, which we recommend to you, *could* happen, we keep telling ourselves, but we hope it doesn't.

Union among the Protestant churches has been the subject of continual discussion for more than half a century. Next month more than forty sects are meeting in Oberlin, Ohio, to discuss this very subject—the first such gathering in North America. It's with this in mind that we're scheduling in our next issue the results of a tape-recorded panel we recently held on the same subject. Five of Canada's largest Protestant denominations are represented.

Jeann Beattie who tells about her burglar on page 14 is a successful novelist. Her first book "Blaze of Noon" won the Ryerson Fiction Award for 1950.

Barbara Moon, who has been chronicling the lives of various TV and theatrical personalities for us, has just returned from Hollywood where she was mistaken for a movie star. You'll be reading the results of her researches there in a future issue and we will report further, no doubt, on Miss Moon's activities in the glamour capital.

Two pieces coming up this fall we think you'll want to read: Sidney Katz has spent several months researching the story of the late Herbert Norman to find out what kind of man he was. And Peter Newman is just completing a fascinating study of Canada's economic aristocracy. Some surprises in both.

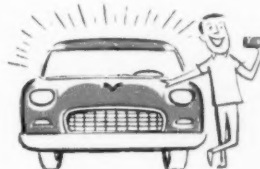
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BY HELEN CATHCART

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In the September issue of

Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman

On sale August 27

A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

Parade

And his trough runneth over

On a drowsy summer Sunday morning there's nothing to rouse a church congregation like a forceful sermon taken right from the Good Book. At such a service in Irricana, Alta., not long ago, the sermon was on the flood and the minister was making the most of it. But even he was taken aback at what happened when he quoted the line "and the waters covered the earth." A man in the congregation gave a sudden start, jumped up and hurriedly left the church.

After the service the fellow came back to apologize and express his thanks. "If you'd never mentioned the waters covering the earth I'd never have remembered I left the stock-watering pump running. Got there just as the troughs were starting to run all over the place!"

* * *

A Californian who visited Canada this summer wrote us a letter as soon as he got home to tell us of a revealing experience he had in Montreal. He was standing on the corner of Guy and Sherbrooke one day watching a large and impressive funeral procession when a complete stranger beside him exclaimed, "Well—that guy is taking it with him." The Californian took another look and seeing was certainly believing—a Brink's armored car had fallen into line between the last flower-bearing limousine and the rest of the cortege.

* * *

The wind was warm, the moon was bright, and the young lovers parked on the side of Bayview Ave. in Toronto's northeastern suburbia were cuddled close together. They broke it up in panic when a flashlight shone in their faces. A Metro policeman flung open their car door and called "Okay, okay—what's going on here?"

"We're just talking," the couple pro-

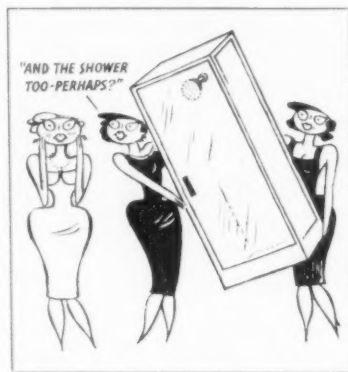


tested, but the gruff voice commanded, "Follow me!" and soon they were haplessly trailing the cruiser down the road, wondering what they were going to tell the magistrate in their own defense. A mile farther on they obediently followed the cruiser in a sharp turn and braked to a stop behind it, in utter darkness on a deserted side road. The heavy footsteps approached their car again and once more the flashlight shone in their faces. "Park here," ordered the cop. "You're completely cut off from civilization and nobody will disturb you."

A Winnipegger who recently visited Carman, Man., took a taxi to a friend's place one evening and asked why the street lights weren't on. "They seem to be out all over the north part of town," commented her driver, and suddenly pulling the car to a stop right on the main street, climbed out and heaved a mighty kick at a hydro pole. The lights came on all over town, and off they drove.

* * *

There's a bride in Beaverdell, B.C., who would be as embarrassed as her friends were amused to know that the kindly folks who held a shower for her



before her marriage had announced in their invitations that "the honor of your presents is requested at a linen shower for . . ."

To the point, certainly, and we understand it was a pretty good haul.

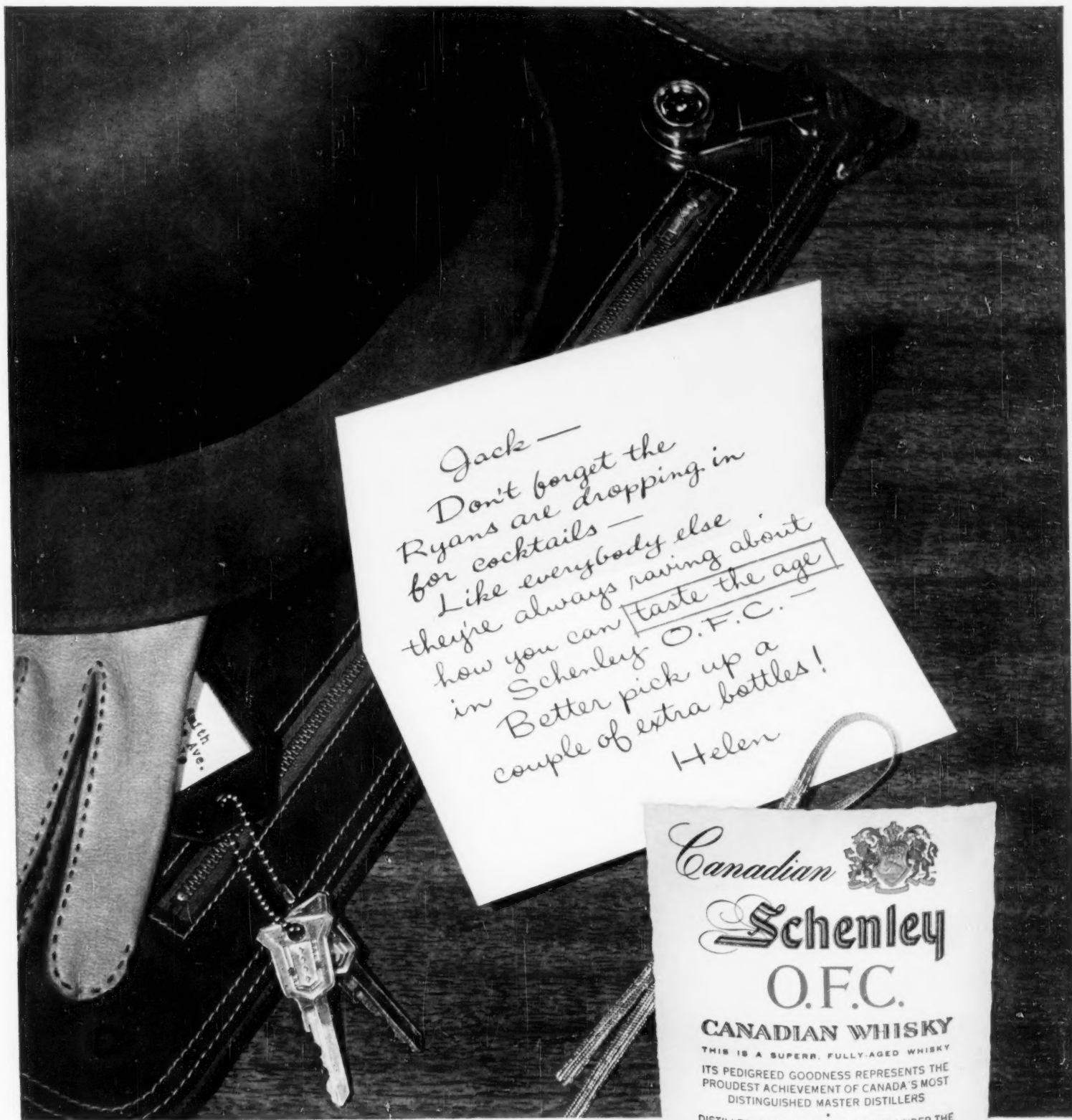
* * *

"Don't you pick any more of those pears—they aren't ripe yet and you'll get a tummy ache!" a mother at Coldbrook Station, N.S., told her six-year-old son. A few days later she wrote to tell us proudly that he is a well-behaved boy who always does as she tells him, including that time, but she had just found a carefully gnawed core still suspended from a low branch on the family pear tree.

* * *

It seems there's no facet of the traditional farm life which hasn't been revolutionized by mechanization. A Winnipegger driving through the rural hinterland saw a farmer heading across a muddy field to bring the cows home. There was nothing surprising about the fact that to avoid the muddy walk he was rolling along on a shiny red tractor. What did cause our Winnipeg scout to turn in an immediate report was the sight of Rover, the farmer's faithful canine friend and cow herder, riding along with him, front paws up on the engine hood so he could see everything but darn well not going to get off and do any chasing until it became necessary.

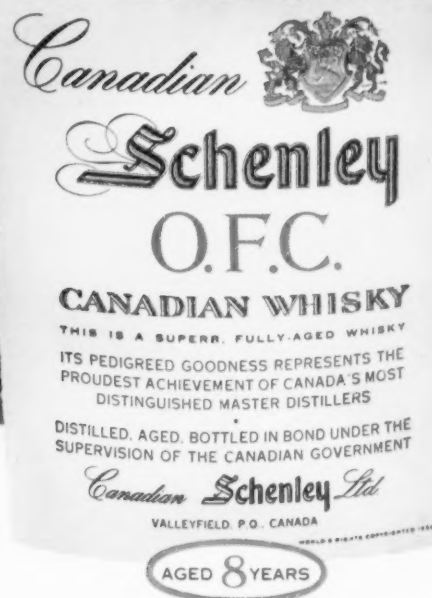
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